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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Practical Hints on Decorative Printing, with Illustrations engraved on Wood, and printed in Colours at the Type Press. By William Savage. Folio, pp. 118. London 1822.

This singular book, the price of which is eleven guineas, can be seen but by very few literary persons; and we are sorry to acknowledge that it is out of our power to convey to our readers any adequate notion of its appearance. It is at once an extraordinary and a magnificent example of the art of Printing, and especially by wooden blocks, on which inks of many different and delicate as well as strong colours have been laid.

Mr. Savage, the author, was, we believe, an operative printer, but so devoted to his art as to have expended all the years of a diligent life upon the work of which this second and concluding volume is now before us. As a specimen of the general improvements in printing, it is of much value; and as furnishing illustrations (fifty in number) of the perfection to which the decorative part of the art may be carried, it is unique. Still, however, Mr. Savage thinks there is great room for further improvement; particularly in the inks used for printing, and in coloured inks for ornaments.

The origin of that which preserves and disseminates every other kind of knowledge is itself a mystery. That neither Coster, nor Faust, nor Gutenberg, were the inventors of printing, is now almost generally allowed; but whence it sprang up, and by what steps it was matured, are problems which will probably never be solved; nor are they deserving of the minute investigations which the curious and trifling, rather than the erudite and wise, are so apt to bestow upon them. Hand-rollers had undoubtedly been employed for some time prior to the middle of the 15th century; and it is probable that the secret of this process would have been kept much longer, had not the rapid multiplication of copies called for by the growing intelligence of the age, led to wonder and superstition, and finally to the truth.

With regard to decorative wood printing likewise, Mr. S. says, "It is difficult to ascertain to whom the invention of printing with a suite of blocks is to be attributed; it is possible that the first productions were sold as drawings, as the first printed books were sold as manuscripts; if this were the case, it would account for many being without either artist's name or date, till the manufactory became so extensive that it was impossible any longer to keep it a secret; and it would also account for the doubts and contradictions we meet with, whether particular artists engraved and printed in this manner."

"Uga da Carpi has been held to be the inventor, but this is disproved"—for Michael Wolgemuth, born at Nuremberg in 1434; Mair, a native of Landshut, a little later; Girolamo Mocetto, Lucas Cranach, Baldassar Peruzzi, and Hans Burgkmair, are ascertained to have preceded him in this line of

engraving. But whoever claims the honour of the invention, "In the course of nearly 400 years (observes our author) since we have the first account of the origin of printing, it appears from all we can learn, that there have been only two attempts besides this (his own) to produce imitations of printing in water colours by means of this process, one of which failed from the style in which the prints were engraved, as well as from the materials used in the ink. Since Mr. Skipp's death there has nothing been done in England in colours, with the exception of a few engravings in books printed with brown ink, and the lottery bills, some of which are very clever."—Upon the whole, the art of printing has been contracted to the mere process of producing books, and impressions from engravings on wood; and the imitation of drawings has been dismissed.

This Mr. S. regrets, and expresses his opinion, powerfully corroborated by the beautiful and superb examples in this volume, that the old practice of printing in chiaro oscuro (by which to produce fac-similes of great masters, for studies, at a small expense,) might not only be restored, but that the decoration of rooms might be carried to a higher pitch of elegance and splendour than has ever yet been attempted.

We have no data to go upon for calculating the cost of such works; but it is evident, from the price of this publication, from the pains necessary, and from the great number of blocks which must be employed, that it could only be called small in comparison with works of art from the hand of the painter.

In common printing, it may be curious to notice, that for the purpose of giving it an intense blackness, Prussian blue or indigo is added in various proportions to the black ingredient (lamp black or ivory black), which would look brown upon paper. The sister process, that of printing in colours, for the purpose of imitating the ornaments with which manuscripts were embellished by the hand, appears to be nearly as old as the received account of the invention of printing. The first edition of the *Speculum*, printed by Coster about 1440, is perhaps the first specimen of two different coloured inks being used on the same page. The one is intensely black on the two columns of text; the other is bistre, and applied to two subjects engraved on wood to resemble pen and ink drawings at the top of each page.

Mr. Savage goes into details on this branch which it is not expedient for us to follow; and we shall only state, that they are valuable for printers and highly curious for amateurs. His accounts of imitated drawings by means of many blocks and various coloured inks are interesting; but the grand attraction of his work is its specimens, in which we see the most brilliant and exquisite designs copied to perfection by this process. They are indeed so extraordinary, that nothing but their actual inspection can afford any

idea of what may thus be accomplished; seeing that from burnished gold, and the loveliest tints of water-colours, through the whole range of art, to common black and white, there is no failure of accuracy or effect. Upon the whole the book is a literary curiosity, and we trust its author will meet with the patronage he has so richly merited.

Ellen Gray; or, The Dead Maiden's Curse. A Poem. By the late Dr. Arch. Macleod. 8vo. pp. 40. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Hurst & Co.

Omnibus UMBRA LOCIS adero! says the epigraph to this pathetic tale, but we are of opinion that the ghost of Dr. Macleod will never trouble the world. We are, on the contrary, far mistaken if this be not an assumed character, and the real author of *Ellen Gray* one of our sweetest living poets; one to whose productions the *Literary Gazette* has often paid the tribute of well-merited applause. But this is merely a matter of curiosity; and we will not, by guesses at the Bard, detain our readers from his pleasing composition.

The hint of the story is taken from a fact related in Polewhale's History of Cornwall, as having happened in 1780, and is eminently adapted for the declared purpose of the Poet, as thus—"indeed, the chief object of the Doctor, in poetical style, appears to have been, to show that taste lay between the Scylla and Charybdis of bombast on the one hand; and affected simplicity and purity on the other."

That he has perfectly succeeded in this design, the following columns will, we think, satisfy every lover of simple, affecting, and harmonious poetry. The tale thus opens—

"Oh! shut the book, dear Ellen, shut the book!"

The sun is in the west; and the last ray
Yet lingers on our churchyard dial grey.
Come, sit on these stone steps, while I relate
Hubert's dread doom, and hapless Ellen's fate.

Yon tempest-shatter'd elm, that heavily
Sways to the wind, seems for the dead to sigh.
How many generations, since the day
Of its green pride, have pass'd, like leaves, away;
How many children of the hamlet play'd
Round its hoar trunk, who at its feet were laid,
Wither'd and grey old men! In life's first bloom,
How many has it seen borne to the tomb!
But never one so sunk in hopeless woe
As she, who in that nameless grave lies low.

Ellen, reared in humble loveliness, is betrothed to a faithless swain:

It is not long—not long to Whitsuntide,
And haply Ellen then shall be a bride.
On Sunday morn, when a slant light was flung
On the pale tow'r, where bells awak'ning rung,
Hubert and Ellen I have seen repair,
Arm link'd in arm, to the same house of pray'r.
"These bells will sound more merrily (he cried,
And gently press'd her hand) at Whitsuntide."
She check'd th' intruding thought, and hung her
Ellen, alas! ere Whitsuntide—was dead! [dead]

'Twas said, but we could scarce the tale believe,
That Ellen's form was seen upon that eve,
When in the churchyard trooping, all appear,
All who should die within the coming year;
Piteous and strangely pallid was her look,
Her right hand held the shadow of a book, [cast
On which her long hair dripp'd,—the cold moon
A glimmering light, as in her shroud she pass'd!
One thing is certain, that she went alone
To learn her fate, at Madern's mystic stone;*
What there she heard ne'er came to human ears;
But, from that hour she oft was seen in tears.

'Twas spring tide now: the butterfly more bright,
Wheel'd o'er the cowslips, in the rainbow light;
The lamb, the colt, the blackbird in the brake,
Seem'd all a vernal feeling to partake;
The "swallow twitter'd" in the earliest ray,
That show'd the flow'r on Gwinnear's turret grey;
More grateful comes the fragrance after rain,
To him who steals along the sweet-briar lane,
And all things seem, to the full heart, to bring
The blissful breathings of the world's first spring.

More cheerful came the sunshine of May-morn,
The bee from earliest light had wound his horn,
Busiest from flower to flower, as he would say,
"Up! Ellen! for it is the morn of May!"

Of this jocund day she is elected the village
queen; and on this very day is convinced of
her lover's perfidy and desertion. She pines
in grief, and is exquisitely drawn:

Alas! her heart was left indeed to break;
Wan sorrow prey'd upon her vermeil cheek.—
Now, with a ghastly moodiness she smil'd,
Now, still and placid look'd as when a child,
Or rais'd her eyes disconsolate and wild.

Then, as she stray'd the brook's green margin
along,
She oft would sing this sad and broken song:—

Lay me where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my quiet grave,
Softly, queen of night!
I to thee would fly for rest,
But a stone—a stone—
Lies like lead upon my breast,
All hope on earth is flown.
Lay me where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my quiet grave,
Softly, queen of night!

Ellen oft wander'd to the northern shore, [roar,
And heard with boding voice, the gaunt Tregavel
Among the rocks, and when the tempest blew,
And like the shivered foam her long hair flew,
And all the billowy space was tossing wide,
"Keek! rock! thou melancholy main," she cried,
"I love thy noise, oh, ever sounding sea,
And learn stern patience, while I look on thee!"

Then on the clouds she gazed with vacant stare,
Or dancing with wild fennel in her hair,
Sang merrily: "Oh! we must dry the tear,
For Mab, the queen of fairies, will be here,—
She shall know all—know all,"—and then again
Her dirty diad into its opening strain:—

"Lay me where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my quiet grave,
Softly, queen of night!"

The children in their sports would pause and say,
With plying look, "There goes poor Ellen Gray."

Now, loitering home, while tears ran down apace,
She look'd in silence in her mother's face;

* A Druidical monument.

+ A giant, whose voice superstition makes to
be heard among the rocks.

Then, starting up, with wild emotion cried,
"To-morrow! oh, to-morrow's Whitsuntide,
And all shall dance when Ellen is a bride!"

Now, some dire thought seem'd in her heart to
stern with terrific joy she roll'd her eyes: [rise,
Her mother heeded not,—nor when she took
(With more impatient haste) her Sunday book,—
She heeded not—for age had dimmed her sight.

Now twilight slowly steals—'tis eve—'tis night,—
"Ellen! my Ellen!" her lone mother cried,
"Ellen! my Ellen!"—but no voice replied.

The pathos of this picture grows into a
darker gloom as the sad story proceeds. The
broken-hearted girl commits suicide, and
leaves her prayer-book open at the 109th, or
"imprecating psalm." It is found by Hu-
bert, and the dread curse almost unsettles
his reason:

Ah! was it fancy? as he pass'd along,
He thought he heard a spirit's feeble song!
Struck by the thrilling sound, he turned his look,—
Upon the ground there lay an open book,—
The page was folded down:—Spirit of grace!

Ah! there are soils, like tear-blots, on the place:
It was a Prayer-book!—and these words he read:
"Let him be desolate, and beg his bread!

Let there be none—not one on earth to bless,—
Be his days few,—his children fatherless,—
His wife a widow!—let there be no friend
In his last moments mercy to extend!"

He trembled—who could read unmoved?
Ah! 'tis the written name of her he lov'd:—
"The Book of Ellen Gray;—when this you see,
And I am dead and gone—remember me!"

His limbs—they shake—the dew is on his brow:—
"The curse is hers!—Oh God! I feel it now!
I see already—ev'n at my right hand—
Poor Ellen, thy accusing spirit stand!

I feel thy deep, last curse!" Then with a cry,
He sunk upon the earth in agony.

Feebly he rose,—when, on the gutted hair
Of a drown'd maid, and on her bosom bare,
The sun shone out; and, 'mid the sedges green,
Poor Ellen's cold and floating corpse was seen.
"Merciful God!" with faltering voice he cries,
"Hide me! oh, hide me from the sight! Those
eyes—

They glare on me! oh, hide me with the dead!
The curse—the deep curse rests upon my head!"

The sequel is equally fine:
Hubert, heart-stricken—to despair a prey,
Soon left the village, journeying far away;

But first, if signs his future fate might tell,
He sought the spirit of St. Cuthbert's well:
He dropp'd a pebble—mark! no bubble bright
Follow'd; and slow he turn'd away his sight.

He look'd again: "Oh, God! those eye-balls glare,
How terribly! ah, smooth that matted hair,—
Ellen! dead Ellen! thy cold corpse I see
Rise from the fountain! look not thus at me!

I cannot bear the sight—that form—that look!
Oh! shut the book, dear Ellen, shut the book!"

Meantime, poor Ellen in the grave was laid;
Her lone and grey-hair'd mother wept and pray'd:
Soon to the dust she follow'd; and unknown,
There, they both rest without a name or stone.

Hubert seeks to drive the haunting spectre
from his brain by going to sea; but nothing
avails:

In foreign lands, in darkness and in light,
The same dread spectre stood before his sight;
If slumber came, his aching lids to close,
Funereal forms in sad procession rose.

Sometimes he dreamed that ev'ry grief was pass'd,—
Ellen had long been lost—was found at last,—
And now she smil'd as when in early life,—
The morn was come when she should be his wife;

The maids were dress'd in white, and all were gay,
And the bells rang for Ellen's wedding-day!
Then, wherefore sad? a chill comes o'er his soul,—
Hark! the glad bells have sunk into a toll,—
A slow, deep toll; and lo! a sable train
Of mourners, moving to the village fane.

A coffin now is laid in holy ground,
That, heavily, returns its hollow sound,
When the first earth upon its lid is thrown:
The hollow sound is chang'd into a groan:
And, rising with wan cheek, and dripping hair,
And moving lips, and eyes of ghastly stare,
A figure issues! Ah! it comes more near!

'Tis Ellen! and that book with many a tear
Is wet, which, with her fingers long and cold,
He sets her to the glimmering moon unfold.
Her icy hand is laid upon his heart;
Gasping, he wakes,—and, with a convulsive start,
He gazes round. Moonlight is on the tide—
The passing keel is scarcely heard to glide,—
Ah! there the spectre goes: with frenzied look
He shrieks, "Oh! shut, dear Ellen, shut the book!"
Now to the ocean's verge the phantom flies,—
And hark! far off, the lessening laughter dies.

Years roll'd away,—till now, at evening's close,
Faint, and more faint, th' accusing spirit rose.

Restor'd from toil, and perils of the main,
Now Hubert treads his native land again.

Near the "hoar" mount, by Marazion's shore,
Where, from the west, Atlantic surges roar,
Where once, above the solitary main,
The mighty vision sat, and look'd to Spain,
He liv'd, a lonely stranger, sad, but mild;
All mark'd the sadness, chiefly when he smil'd.

Time so far effaces the impression of the
dead Maiden's curse, that the melancholy
man resolves on a union with a widow named
Ruth; not an union of passion and love, but
of pensive and sober accommodation, so as
not to destroy the moral or poetical feeling
of the narrative:

The day was fix'd; no longer he shall roam,
But both shall have one heart, one house, one home:
The world shut out, both shall together pray,
Both wait the evening of life's changeable day:
She shall his anguish soothe, when he grows wild,—
And he shall be a father to her child.

Fair rose the dawn—the summer air how bland!
The blue wave scarcely seem'd to touch the land,—
So soft it lay, far off, in morning light,
Whilst here and there a scatter'd sail shone white.

Come, hasten—yonder is the church; away
All cares, for who can mournful be to-day?
The bells are ringing, and the rites are o'er,—
The nuptial train return along the shore,
Cheer'd by new hopes of life: as thus they pass'd,
In sudden blackness rush'd the impetuous blast;
Deep thunder roll'd, with long portentous sound,
At distance: nearer now, it shakes the ground,
Whilst Hubert sinks with speechless dread op-
press'd.

As the fork'd flash seems darted at his breast,
His beating heart was heard,—bleach'd was his
cheek,—

A well-known voice seem'd in the storm to speak;
Aghast he cried, wild phrensy in his look,
"Oh! shut the book, dear Ellen, shut the book!"

My tale is well-nigh o'er; for, from that day,
(The arrow in his soul,) he pier'd away,
And silent sunk beneath the ceaseless smart
Of a pierced conscience, and a broken heart.

We will not mar the effect of this touching
Poem by many remarks: it has (in our judg-
ment) hit the happy medium aimed at, and is
at once natural and simple, without being
infantile, and pathetic and forcible without
being maudlin or exaggerated.

A few alexandrines rather disturb the harmony, to our ear, than vary it: there is one passage about conventicle worship (p. 15,) which we wish had been omitted in order to avoid misrepresentation; and our author has shown himself too fond of the epithet "grey," to merit which however, in his own proper person, we sincerely hope he will live long and delight us with other poems equally beautiful with *Ellen Grey*.

Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor at Saint Helena to the Generals who shared his Captivity: and published from the original Manuscripts corrected by Himself. Vol. II. Dictated to General Gourgaud. London 1823. Colburn & Co.; and Hossange & Co. Tuxis Memoirs are twin-born; for, besides the volume whose title-page is above quoted, there is also a second volume of the Miscellaneous, distinguished by the appellation of "Historical." At present we shall confine ourselves to the former, which embraces the Italian Campaigns of 1800-1, and a part of the famous Egyptian Expedition; together with an Essay upon Maritime and Neutral Rights, quite in the Buonaparte anti-English style; and some observations on the attack upon Copenhagen. Of these multifarious contents, it would lead us into a very long critique were we to attempt a regular analysis, with comments on the assertions they hazard, and the fallacious arguments they build up. The boldness, or rather effrontery, of many of the first, can only be matched by the speciousness and subtlety of much of the last; but we must leave both to the public sense, and be satisfied with a few extracts to exemplify the book. The following account of the death of the Emperor Paul, an event which in six weeks changed the political face of Europe, will be read with interest, whether true or false:

"The Swedish and Russian squadrons were arming with the greatest activity, and constituted considerable forces. But all military preparations were rendered useless, and the confederation of the northern powers was dissolved, by the death of the Emperor Paul, who was at once the author, the chief, and the soul of that alliance. Paul I. was assassinated in the night of the 23d of March; and the news of his death reached Copenhagen at the time of the signature of the armistice.

"This monarch had exasperated part of the Russian nobility against himself by an irritable and over-sceptible temper. His hatred of the French Revolution had been the distinguishing feature of his reign. He considered the familiar manners of the French sovereign and princes, and the suppression of etiquette at their court, as one of the causes of that Revolution. He, therefore, established a most strict etiquette at his own court, and exacted tokens of respect by no means conformable to our manners, and which excited general discontent. To be dressed in a frock, wear a round hat, or omit to alight from a carriage when the Czar, or one of the princes of his house, was passing in the streets or public walks, was sufficient to excite his strongest animadversions, and to stamp the offender as a jacobin, in his opinion. After his reconciliation with the First Consul, he had partly given up some of these ideas; and it is probable that had he lived some years longer, he would have regained the alienated esteem

and affection of his court. The English, vexed and even extremely irritated at the alteration which had taken place in him in the course of a twelvemonth, took every means of encouraging his domestic enemies. They succeeded in causing a report of his madness to be generally believed, and, at length, a conspiracy was formed against his life. The general opinion is that

"The evening before his death, Paul, being at supper with his mistress and his favourite, received a despatch, in which all the particulars of the plot against him were disclosed; he put it into his pocket, and deferred the perusal to the next day. In the night he was murdered.

"This crime was perpetrated without impediment; P. had unlimited influence in the palace; he passed for the sovereign's favourite and confidential minister. He presented himself, at two o'clock in the morning, at the door of the Emperor's apartment, accompanied by B. S. and O. A faithful Cossack, who was stationed at the door of the chamber, made some difficulty of allowing them to enter; he was instantly massacred. The noise awakened the Emperor, who seized his sword; but the conspirators rushed upon him, threw him down, and strangled him. It was B. who gave him the last blow, and trampled on his corpse. The Empress, Paul's wife, although she had much reason to complain of her husband's gallantries, testified deep and sincere affliction; and none of those who were engaged in this assassination, were ever restored to her favour.

Many years after, General Benigsen still held his command.

"This horrible event, however, petrified all Europe with horror; and every one was particularly shocked at the dreadful openness with which the Russians stated the whole particulars at every court."

We have had frequent occasion to notice how loosely the garb of Christianity sat on the shoulders of Napoleon. In this work he shows a preference for Mahometanism; and throughout his Egyptian course inclines so decidedly to that faith, as to leave no doubt of the fact so often stated, that he actually professed the religion of the Koran. One extract from many passages in which these principles are preferred, will exhibit this matter in its own light:

"The Christian religion is the religion of a civilized people, and is entirely spiritual; the reward which Jesus Christ promises to the elect is that they shall see God face to face. In this religion every thing tends to mortify the senses, nothing to excite them. The Christian religion was three or four centuries in establishing itself, and its progress was slow. It requires much time to destroy, by the mere influence of argument, a religion consecrated by time; and still more when the new religion neither serves nor kills any passion.

"The progress of Christianity was the triumph of the Greeks over the Romans. The latter had subdued all the Greek republics by force of arms; and the Greeks conquered their victors by the arts and sciences. All the schools of philosophy and eloquence, and all the practice of the arts in Rome, were confined to the Greeks. The Roman youth did not consider their education complete unless they had been to Athens to finish it. There were yet other circumstances which proved favourable to the propagation of the

Christian religion. The apotheosis of Julius Caesar and that of Augustus were followed by those of the most abominable tyrants: this abuse of polytheism recalled men to the idea of one only God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. Socrates had already proclaimed this great truth: the triumph of Christianity, which borrowed it from him, was, as we have already mentioned above, a re-action of the philosophers of Greece upon their conquerors. The holy fathers were almost all Greeks. The morality they preached was that of Plato. All the subtlety which is found in the Christian theology is derived from the refinements of the sophists of his school.

"The Christians, like the votaries of paganism, thought the rewards of a future life insufficient to repress the disorders, vices, and crimes which spring from the passions; they formed a hell entirely physical, and sufferings wholly corporal. They went far beyond their models, and even gave so much preponderance to this dogma, that it may justly be said that the religion of Christ is a threat."

We may add here a whimsical exposé of Mahomet's supposed reasons for allowing polygamy:

"Perhaps the reason of this difference is to be sought in the nature of the geographical circumstances of Africa and Asia. These countries were inhabited by men of several colours; polygamy is the only means of preventing them from persecuting each other. Legislators have imagined, that in order to prevent the whites from being enemies to the blacks, the blacks to the whites, and the copper-coloured to both, it was necessary to make them all members of one identical family, and thus to oppose that inclination inherent in man, to hate whatever is not himself. Mahomet thought four wives sufficient for the accomplishment of this purpose, because every man could have a black one, a white one, a copper-coloured one, and one of some other colour. It was also, undoubtedly, agreeable to the nature of a sensual religion, to gratify the passions of its sectaries; in which respect policy and the prophet agreed."

The inveterate hostility of Buonaparte to England seems to have predominated in his breast from the earliest period, and to have formed the mainspring of all his actions, not less than the thirst of universal empire. This, rather than ambition, was the cause of his invading Egypt, respecting which we have the following statement:

"The principal object of the French expedition to the East was to check the power of the English. The army which was to change the destiny of India, was to march from the Nile. Egypt was to supply the place of Saint Domingo and the Antilles, and to reconcile the freedom of the blacks with the interests of our manufactures. The conquest of this province would have produced the ruin of all the English establishments in America and the Peninsula of the Ganges. Had the French once become masters of the ports of Italy, Corfu, Malta, and Alexandria, the Mediterranean would have become a French lake."

"The revolution of India was likely to be more or less near, according as the chances of war should prove more or less fortunate, and the inhabitants of Arabia and Egypt should be more or less favourably disposed, in consequence of the policy the Porte should adopt under these new circumstances; the only

object to be immediately attended to was to conquer Egypt and to form a solid establishment there; and the means of effecting this were all that had been provided. All the rest had been considered as a necessary consequence; the execution only had been anticipated. The French squadron refitted in the ports of Alexandria, victualled and manned by experienced crews, would have sufficed to keep Constantinople in awe. It could have landed a body of troops at Alexandria, if it had been thought necessary; and we should have been, in the same year, masters of Egypt and Syria, the Nile, and the Euphrates. The happy issue of the battle of the Pyramids, the conquest of Egypt, achieved without any sensible loss, the good will of the inhabitants, the zeal of the chiefs of the law, seemed at first to ensure the speedy execution of these grand projects. But a short time only had elapsed, when the destruction of the French squadron at Aboukir, the countermanding of the expedition to Ireland by the Directory, and the influence of the enemies of France over the Porte, rendered success much more difficult."

He had better have dictated the last word "impossible." Of the barbarities and massacres performed in this bloody theatre, an episode of what occurred after the retreat from Acre will afford an idea:

"During these occurrences in Sharkieh, others of greater importance were transacting in Bahireh. A man of the Desert of Derne, possessed of a great reputation for sanctity amongst the Arabs of his tribe, took it into his head, or attempted to persuade others, that he was the angel Elmody, whom the Prophet promises, in the Koran, to send to the aid of the elect, in the most critical circumstances. This opinion gained ground in the tribe; the man had all the qualities adapted to excite the fanaticism of the populace. He succeeded in persuading them that he lived without food, and by the special grace of the Prophet. Every day, at the hour of prayer, and before all the faithful, a bowl of milk was brought to him, in which he dipped his fingers and passed them over his lips; this being, as he said, the only nourishment he took. He formed himself a guard of 120 men of his tribe, well armed and completely infatuated with zeal. He repaired to the Great Oasis, where he met with a caravan of pilgrims, consisting of 400 Mangrebins from Fez; he announced himself as the angel Elmody, they believed and followed him. These 400 men were well armed, and had a great number of camels; he thus found himself at the head of between 5 and 600 men, and marched to Damanhour, where he surprised 60 men of the nautical legion, killed them, and took their muskets, and a four-pounder. This success increased the number of his partisans; he then visited all the mosques of Damanhour and the neighbouring villages, and from the pulpit, which is used by the readers of the Koran, announced his divine mission. He declared himself incombatible and ball-proof, and assured his hearers that all who would follow him would have nothing to fear from the muskets, bayonets, and cannon of the French. He was the angel Elmody! he convinced and enlisted 3 or 4000 men in Bahireh, amongst whom there were 4 or 500 well armed. He armed the others with great pikes and shovels, and exercised them in throwing dust against the enemy, declaring that this blessed dust would frustrate all the efforts of the French against them."

"Colonel Lefebvre, who commanded at Rhamanieh, left 50 men in the fort, and set out with 200 men to retake Damanhour. The angel Elmody marched to meet him; Colonel Lefebvre was surrounded by the superior forces of the angel. The action commenced, and when the fire was brisk between the French and the angel's armed followers, some columns of Fellahs outflanked the French, and passed to their rear, raising clouds of dust. Colonel Lefebvre could do nothing; he lost several men, killed a greater number, and took up a position at Rhamanieh. The wounded and the relations of those who were killed murmured, and loudly reproached the angel Elmody. He had told them that the balls of the French would not hit any of his followers, yet a great number had been killed and wounded! He silenced these murmurs by means of the Koran and of several predictions; he maintained that none of those who had rushed forward full of confidence in his promises had been either killed or wounded; but that those who had shrunk back had been punished by the Prophet, because they had not perfect faith in their hearts. This event, which ought to have opened their eyes to his imposture, confirmed his power; he reigned absolute at Damanhour. There was reason to fear that the whole of Bahireh, and by degrees the neighbouring provinces also, might revolt; but a proclamation from the Scheiks at Cairo arrived in time, and prevented a general revolt."

"General Lanusse speedily crossed the Delta; and from the province of Skarkieh, proceeded to the Bahireh, where he arrived on the 8th of May. He marched on Damanhour, and defeated the troops of the angel Elmody. All those who were unarmed, dispersed and fled to their villages. He fell on the fanatics without mercy, and shot 1500 of them, amongst whom was the angel Elmody himself. He took Damanhour, and the tranquillity of Bahireh was restored."

A short Appendix is not the least entertaining portion of the work before us; it contains several letters very characteristic of the writer. Of these we copy three: the first to the widow of Admiral Brucey after the battle of the Nile; the second, an epistle which, being read with reference to Buonaparte's own conduct at Waterloo, will be perused with the deepest interest; and the third, another curious example of the odds between precept and practice. With these we finish our Review:

Letter from General Buonaparte to Citoyenne Brucey.

Cairo, 24 Fructidor, year VI. (19th Aug. 1798.)

"Your husband has been killed by cannon-shot, while fighting on his deck. He died without pain, and by the best death, and that which is thought by soldiers most enviable."

"I am keenly sensible to your grief. The moment which severs us from the object we love is terrible; it insulates us from all the earth; it inflicts on the body the agonies of death; the faculties of the soul are annihilated, and its relations with the universe subsist only through the medium of a horrible dream, which alters every thing. Mankind appear colder and more selfish than they really are. In this situation we feel that, if nothing obliged us to live, it would be much best to die; but when, after this first thought, we press our children to our hearts, tears and tender feelings revive the senti-

ments of our nature, and we live for our children; yes, madam, see, in this very moment, how they open your heart to melancholy: you will weep with them, you will bring them up from infancy—you will talk to them of their father, of your sorrow, of the loss which you and the Republic have sustained. After having once more attached your mind to the world by filial and maternal love, set some value on the friendship and lively regard I shall always feel for the wife of my friend. Believe that there are a few men who deserve to be the hope of the afflicted, because they understand the poignancy of mental sufferings."

(Signed) BONAPARTE."

Letter from General Buonaparte to Vice-Admiral Theocnard.

Cairo, 18th Fructidor, year VI. (4th Sept. 1798.)

"Your son has been killed by a cannon-ball, on his quarter-deck; I fulfil, Citizen Admiral, a melancholy duty in communicating this event to you; but he died honourably and without suffering. This is the only consolation that can mitigate the grief of a father. We are all devoted to death; are a few additional days of life worth the glory of dying for one's country? Can they be any compensation for the affliction of seeing one's self stretched on a bed, surrounded by the egotism of a new generation? are they worth enduring the humiliations and sufferings of a long sickness? Happy are they who die on the field of battle! they live for ever in the memory of posterity. They have never inspired the compassion or pity which is excited by decrepit age or the anguish of acute diseases. You have grown grey, Citizen Admiral, in the career of arms; you will regret a son worthy of you and of the nation; but whilst with us you accord some tears to his memory, you will say that his glorious death is enviable."

"Believe that I participate in your grief, and doubt not the esteem I feel for you."

(Signed) BONAPARTE."

From General Buonaparte to General Kleber.

Cairo, 24th Fructidor, year VI. (10th Sept. 1798.)

"A ship like the Franklin, General, which had the Admiral on board, the Orient having blown up, ought not to have surrendered at eleven o'clock. I think, moreover, that the officer who surrendered this ship is extremely culpable, because it is proved by his own process-verbal that he took no measures to wreck the ship, and render it impossible to bring it to; this will be an eternal disgrace to the French navy. It is not necessary to know much of manœuvres, or to possess extraordinary talents, to cut a cable and run a ship aground; besides, these measures are specially prescribed in the instructions and ordinances given to captains in the navy. As for the conduct of Rear-admiral Duchaila, it would have become him to have died on his quarter-deck, like du Petit-Thouars."

"But what deprives him of every chance of restoration to my esteem, is his base conduct amongst the English since he has been a prisoner. There are men who have no blood in their veins. He will hear the English, then, drink to the disgrace of the French navy every evening, whilst they intoxicate themselves with punch. He will be landed at Naples, then, as a trophy, for the lazarol to gaze at; it would have been much better for him to have remained at Alexandria, or on board ship, as a prisoner of war, without ever wishing or asking for any thing. When

O'Hara, who, nevertheless, was a very common character, was made prisoner at Toulon, and was asked by me, on the part of General Dagonnier, what he wished for, he answered, 'To be alone, and not to be indebted to pity.' Attentions and courtesy are honourable only to the victor; they do no credit to the vanquished, whom reserve and haughtiness best become. (Signed) BONAPARTE."

Remarks on the Country extending from Cape Palmas to the River Congo, including Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, &c. &c. By Capt. John Adams. 8vo. pp. 265. London 1823. Whittakers. THE "Captain" prefixed to the author's name in the title page means, as in common parlance, the master of a trading vessel; such a person as we might expect sensible and practical accounts from, a seasoned slave and ivory dealer, and consequently one who had enjoyed opportunities of seeing and learning more of African matters than is usually attainable by European curiosity more directly turned to the inquiry, or by European constitutions, which sink so certainly under the fatal climate of these burning shores. And the book before us is precisely of the kind which was thus to be anticipated. From Cape Palmas to the Congo, the author has landed at every important place; in a few instances he has penetrated, though not very far, into the interior; and he has thrown together almost in the form of notes, the observations which occurred on these occasions. Thus he makes his readers better acquainted than they could before have been (even by Tuckey's Narrative, Bowdich's Ashantee, and other recent writers,) with the gold, ivory, and palm-oil coasts; with the Fantees; with Wydah, Ardrah, and the Dahomians; with Lagos, Benin, Bonny, and Calabar; and with the natives of Jaboo, Hio, Hogs, Mahee, Chamba, Heebo, Qua, Warré, and other States, of which little more than the names, (and hardly these though some of them are great countries,) are known to the civilized world. The principal object of his work appears to be to prove that our Settlements might be much more advantageously formed at Malemba and Cabenda than at Sierra Leone; and that for salubrity, facilities of trade, and other requisites, it is well worthy the attention of Government to establish another colony in these parts.

The reasoning on this subject, however, we shall leave those chiefly interested in it to study from the volume itself; and only extract from it such descriptions of customs, phenomena, and actions, as may give our readers an insight into the African character, where it is debased by the abominable slave trade, and its consequent accompaniments of absolute and capricious tyranny, the basest servility, and the most barbarous cruelty.

The author is rapidly sketching the shores of Guinea; and near the British forts on the Gold Coast, gives us these traits:

Of the town of Annamaboo, 10 miles to the eastward of Cape Coast, "the population may amount to three or four thousand persons, many of whom have become opulent in consequence of their extensive commercial dealings; and among them are a number of men denominated gold-takers, who claim a kind of hereditary right to act in such capacities on board all vessels that arrive for the purposes of trade. . . .

"The duties of their office are to settle all disputes arising in the course of trade be-

tween the natives and the captains," &c. "Some of these gold-takers are sagacious fellows, and keen observers, who soon find out the weak side of a man, and treat him accordingly. They always have a bye name for each European, arising from what they conceive to be a moral vice, or a physical deformity. One man they called *cheegwa*, or red head; another, *pockum-pockum*, or long chin; a third, *amphiteahu*, or, don't spit upon deck; a fourth, *cococo*, or big; and a tall thin man, *tsin tsin lan*, or long fellow; a hypocrite, *dada*; an avaricious man, *acacuma*, or, a little more.

"One day a vain consequential captain was giving himself airs, and abusing one of his gold-takers, a sly old fellow, who happened to know by report something of his family connexions in England, one of whom was a plumber. The old man, after looking at him with the most ineffable contempt, said to him, with great emphasis—'Who you? You father no make lead bar.* You be big man? You no big! You family nobody!' Then snapping his fingers in his face, coolly marched over the ship's side into his canoe. Some of the officers and ship's company were present, and very much enjoyed the mortification which their ostentatious commander suffered on this occasion, and who was rendered mute by the unexpected and energetic retort of the old man. But the Africans often say in a few words that which is very expressive. A female slave, who attended a family coming from Jamaica to England in a ship where I was, was asked, one morning, why her master (a very big man) was so much alarmed the preceding night; for he had run upon deck in his shirt, screaming violently, 'We shall all be lost! we shall all be lost!' merely because there was more bustle upon deck than usual, in consequence of taking in sail in a squall which had come suddenly on. Her reply was, 'Massa big for noten;' meaning to say, her master was big for nothing, or, in other words, that Nature had made him large beyond the ordinary stature of man, without endowing him with courage, or self-command."†

The government of the Fantees (on whose territory Cape Coast is situated) is republican. "A number of old men called Pinins, at the head of whom is Ammooncummy, are arbiters in common disputes which occur between the natives of Annamaboo, or between them and Europeans; but disputes of a more serious nature, such as may affect the liberties or properties of men of wealth and consequence, are generally referred to the lawyers of the Brafo country, who, like their brethren of the long robe in civilized Europe, generally contrive to strip both plaintiff and defendant of their property. . . .

"The Pinins of Annamaboo (says the author) are well pleased when they can involve in a palaver an European; for they expect a rich harvest, and prompt payment. This experiment they tried upon us, though, fortunately, without effect. Being anxious not to be entirely dependent on the natives for a supply of fish, some nets were purchased

* Lead bars, as articles of trade, are held in the lowest estimation by the traders of Annamaboo.

† From this we are reminded of the expressive answer of the wearied negro-boy, who, when violently shaken to awake him out of his sound repose with the "Don't you hear Massa call you?" replied with a long drawn yawn, "Sleep no hab Massa."

for the use of the vessel, and which were set every evening, and examined every morning, to receive their produce. Taking or disturbing the net of a fisher, is considered a heinous offence by the Fantees, and, when detected, is punished by a heavy fine being imposed on the offending individual. A number of nets had been stolen, and as ours were purchased at Cape Coast unknown to the natives of Annamaboo, we were supposed to be the guilty persons. Accordingly, a few days after we had commenced using them, we were surprised by a visit from the Pinins, or elders, who came on board in full costume, to demand reparation for their injured countryman. Independently of the advanced age of these gentlemen, they have in their dress some distinguishing marks, and, like Quakers, always wear their hats wherever they may be, and which have forms peculiar to their calling, by which they are as readily known in the villages where they reside, as counsellors are by their wigs in Courts of Assize. These hats are made of straw, have broad brims, perfectly circular, and shallow crowns, with tufts of dried grass in the centres, and which are probably used to cover pericraniums as naturally acute and sagacious as those immense, powdered, hairy, three-bobbed wigs are, that seem to give importance and apparent wisdom to the logical nobs of English barristers.

"The Pinins, with much gravity in their countenances, took their seats in the cabin, and, being supplied with half a pint each of neat brandy, swallowed it, glass after glass, in quick time, and gave increased zest to their favourite beverage, by making their mouths receptacles for it, instead of their stomachs, where the brandy remained until more was ready to replace it, when it was allowed to pass into its natural depository. Having performed all due homage to their favourite god Bacchus, Obeky, the senior of the eight, opened the case, and addressed me as follows:—'You be old man for dis country; you all same Ammooncummy son; you all same Fantee man; you do bad nobody; you owe one leaf tabac, you pay; all poor canoe men like sell you fowl, duck, yam, fish too. You no want fish now; you catch 'em all same black man: you hab black man net too. Agar man, name Quacoo, lose net; some man teef him; we no say you teef him; you hab for ship, *Brinny omo* (white man bad), no know we custom. Suppose he be teef for *Aberrikerry* (England), he no be teef for dis water: suppose black man teef, he catch palaver; *Brinny* teef catch palaver too.'

"In this strain of Fantee eloquence, Obeky continued his harangue during a period of fifteen or twenty minutes. His comrades, otherwise silent, when anything in his speech pleased them, called out '*Ampa, ampa!*' or true, true! a practice they adopt when speechifying in large assemblies on shore, and which may be considered something similar to the 'hear, hear!' in the Commons House of Parliament. When he had concluded his speech, I called two black boys, the sons of gold-takers, into the cabin, who informed the Pinins that they had seen the nets purchased by me from Quashy Too, at Cape Coast: on receiving this information, they were evidently disappointed, and, instead of receiving three or four ounces of gold, besides the value of the nets, which they had calculated on, were happy to obtain, in the way of compliment, two gallons of brandy, a few pipes, and leaves of tobacco, when they

retired in tolerable good humour, first making a suitable apology for their unjust suspicion and intrusion."

Capt. Adams next describes one of their horrid funeral ceremonies, called a "Custom."

"The period had arrived, when Tacky Mensa, a wealthy trader and inhabitant of Annamaboo, had to make custom for his ancestors. Five unfortunate victims were to be immolated to the manes of the deceased, and gunpowder, brandy, cloth, and provisions, distributed to the multitude. A vast number of persons assembled at Annamaboo, from different parts of the republic of Fantee, to assist at, and give importance to the ceremony. A little before day break in the morning, when the obsequies for the deceased commenced, volleys of muskets, the noise of drums, and savage shouts, were heard in every direction; and about eight o'clock, a large concourse of persons, of both sexes and all ages, had collected at and near Tacky Mensa's house, to whom brandy was distributed in large quantities. Firing, shouting, and drinking, continued till mid-day, when the five victims were brought out from a hut with their hands bound, and with ligatures made of the bine of a creeping plant surrounding their heads, and which came over their eyes and noses, and by introducing pieces of sticks, and twisting them round, making what sailors call Spanish windlasses; the bones of their noses were forced in, and their eyes sunk deeper in their sockets. One of these unfortunate beings was a very old Ashantee man, the remaining four were natives of Chamba, and all men; two of whom were middle-aged, one very old, the other young. Before they were led to execution, every effort was made by the Europeans to purchase them, but without effect. The poor creatures, in this state of suffering, were paraded through the town, and received every ignominy that savage cruelty could devise or inflict, without a sigh escaping them, and were ultimately taken to the beach, under the very walls of the fort, where they were butchered amidst the most savage and diabolical shouts of the multitude. Even females assisted at the horrid ceremony, and marked themselves with the blood of the wretched victims, as it flowed from their headless trunks; and, horrible to relate, libations of brandy were poured into, and drank from human skulls, which a few minutes before had life and being. Volleys of musketry were fired, savage dances performed, and intoxication was carried to excess during three days and three nights, when the custom making ceased. Their customs, or obsequies to the manes of deceased ancestors, are often carried to such excess by individuals, as to leave them in a state of extreme poverty; but all men of consequence are compelled, at some period of their lives, to perform this savage act of duty to those who have long been numbered with the dead, or they would be degraded, and held in the lowest estimation by their countrymen; but more especially by their own townsmen."

At Lagos we hear of another dreadful festival.

"The horrid custom of impaling alive a young female, to propitiate the favour of the goddess presiding over the rainy season, that she may fill the horn of plenty, is practised here annually. The immolation of this victim to superstitions usage takes place soon after the vernal equinox; and along with her are sacrificed sheep and goats, which, together

with yams, heads of maize, and plantains, are hung on stakes on each side of her. Females destined thus to be destroyed, are brought up for the express purpose in the king's or caboceer's seraglio; and it is said, that their minds have previously been so powerfully wrought upon by the fetiché men, that they proceed to the place of execution with as much cheerfulness as those infatuated Hindoo women who are burnt with their husbands. One was impaled while I was at Lagos, but of course I did not witness the ceremony. I passed by where the lifeless body still remained on the stake a few days afterwards."

Phantoms, a Poem in two parts; with Myrrha, a fragment, translated from the Provençal.
By J. H. St. Aubyn: 8vo. pp. 116. London 1823. G. & W. B. Whittaker.

THERE is a School of Poetry which has our most cordial dislike, founded, we hold, on morbid egotism and extreme affectation; or, as its votaries style them, passionate feeling, and genius freeing her skiey pinions from low and unworthy restraint. One of its great characteristics is its irregularity of metre: blank verse, whose lines resemble bad quadrille dancers, continually taking too long or too short steps, and rhymed endings every now and then giving us a baker's dozen;—secondly, the repeated use of obsolete words, which no longer suit the genius of the language, but stand strangers and outcasts amid their younger brethren;—thirdly, phrases so oddly inverted, so strangely put together, that they seem fire-new from the mint of Lilly's Euphuës;—and last, though not least in our list of offences, is the perpetual introduction of the author's self-lamenting over the unheard-of ills which have been his miserable lot. Now, though we think the man who has wasted the fine and pure feelings of his youth on the most base and withering pleasures is to be pitied, he has more of our contempt than of our commiseration. What is it to us that he has listened to the song of the charmer till it has palled upon his ear? what is it to us that he has drained the wine of sensuality till it has become poison to him, and that, discontented and heartless, he seeks a refuge in misanthropy, and feels or affects for others that disdain they have a far better right to feel for him? Lord Byron, the leader of this band of sullen ones, had that commanding and magnificent gift which bends all things to its service, and which, like the finger of the Lydian monarch, turns all it touches into gold; but though he chose that his path should be over steep and rugged places, his were dangerous steps to follow: the flight of genius is like that of a bird, the air closes after it, and no other may pursue the same track. The poems which have led to these remarks are entitled *Phantoms*, and *Myrrha*, a fragment said to be translated from the Provençal. Of the first we shall only observe that it is distinguished by such absurdities as "birthed in beauty," "iced in agony," and such descriptions of passion as "Then spread my fingers and bent in the nails," or

and bit the earth,
And tore and taloned it and shook it like
A terrier with my teeth.

And adorned by passages like the following. One a picture of a rude and desolate place, and one a landscape of summer beauty.

Here blocks of granite, which the winds had loosed,
Were hurled along the plain,—there, smaller crags

Rush'd rumbling down the steep declivity.
Of scatter'd fragments at the mountain's base,
Near which discolour'd catarracts poured forth
Their loud impetuous floods of noisome waters;
Whilst barkless—leafless—lifeless fire scorched
trunks.

(Which in a fairer clime had given a shade
That lovers would have lov'd to rest beneath)
Were stunted in their growth from lack of soil.
Each thing presented images of death,—
Nature herself in ruins!

Far to the right
Rose mountain pinnacles of dazzling white,
'Neath which the roebuck and the chamois grazed,
In forests nature-planted, nature raised;
Whilst lower down the jagged-leaved chestnut threw
Glimces of gladness on a lake of blue,
And hanging o'er it (as a lover doth
Over the bosom of his mistress, both
Enchanted and enchanting) seem'd to dance
its surface round with softest dalliance,
And rising now, now stooping down to toy,
Kiss the bright trembling waves in very joy!
All these were distant; but beneath me lay
A strip of land, which shooting through the bay,
Sloped gently to the wave, and form'd a cape
Whereon there was a vineyard, whose full grape
Had purpled in the Autumn's ripening air;
And peasant girls, with riband-braided hair,
Laugh'd as they stripp'd it from the parent vine,
Heap'd it in panniers, and press'd out the wine.
We must be delicate in our remarks on
Myrrha, thus characterised by the author,
and most truly, according to our apprehen-

sion:
The tale which I have letter'd here
Will seem involved, and scarcely clear.
As far as we can understand the story, the
lady had a lucky escape from one, whose own
confession is that he is possessed—
Of wild desires and passion strong:
A fierce, perverse, contentious soul,
Which spurned at and disdain'd controul;
A pride, which would not bend the knee,
For all the world could show it here
To rouse desire or waken fear,—
A temper which with none could chime,
A nature waiting but its time
To burst from folly, through despair, to crime!
A very pleasant companion for life, instead
of the fate which is afterwards hers:
Thou dwellest now on foreign land,
Art given to a stranger's hand;
Children of beauty group around thee,
Domestic virtues have renoun'd thee:
A kindred kind, friends well approv'd,
And loving children, dearly lov'd,
Thus falling to thine envied lot—
What earthly blessing hast thou not?

St. Aubyn, this present bard, has talent; but before he can lay claim to the laurel to which every publishing poet (however he may disclaim it) aspires, he must renounce affectation, check egotism, and remember genuine poetry is founded on pure principles and the generous and kindly affections of our nature. But after such a passage as the following, may we dare advise the writer?

—mankind I hold to cheap;
Nay have it in disdain so deep
That me its maxims never guide;
Though general feelings as they glide
I care not to confess or hide;—
And though its voice to most so dear,
So fills my heart to woe or fear,
That scorning both its smile and merr,
I rarely either court or fear;
Yet would I not that hearts of steel
Should trifle with what now I feel.

There are several very long notes; but as they only consist of translations from well known French writers, not one calls for any remark; till we arrive at a note on the word "no," very silyly substituted for more. He says he is too indolent to correct faults; our answer is an old proverb, "Idleness is the root of all evil." In conclusion, to justify our qualified praise, and do the author right, we give the following quotations.

We stood beneath its pointed arches,
O'erhung with cypress, firs, and larches;
We viewed each long and pillared aisle
Which buttressed still the massy pile;
And hand in hand slow wandered o'er
The nave, whence once in sacred choir,
At morning's break and evening's close,
A hymn of gratitude arose
From men, who joined both heart and voice,
To praise God's mercy and rejoice,
That he in such retirement sweet
Had given from care a blest retreat:—
Had spared them each alluring bait,
All fierce ambition, envy, hate,
And—(which if it but chance to see
Not virtue's self hath power to flee)
From woman's beauty made them free:—
All sinful lusts, and passions wild,
Each fondling hope which had beguiled,
And worldly thought that could defile,
Had buried in this cloistered pile.
We saw the damp and grated cell
Where men of sin were doomed to dwell,
Till deep drawn groans of penitence
Had worked a pardon for the offence.—
Then passed we through the crumbling wall
Which once enclosed a banquet hall,
Resounding far with voices glad,
But now forsaken, mute and sad,
Its roof moss grown and ivy clad!
Alas! beneath those turrets hoar
Man's taste shall joy nor sorrow more,
For now within the donjon keep
The lizard, eel, and blind-worm sleep:
The adder deaf and centipede,
The slime-pathed worm and beetle breed.
The hall where men prepared their feasts
Is now the haunt of untamed beasts,
And long become a mouldering maze
Where the wild goat and roe-buck graze;
Where the hoarse raven builds her nest
And hunted foxes seek for rest;
Where the fierce cat and badger stern
Form their rude lairs, and whelp in fern,
And where doth dwell the lonely fiend;
Where every brute may shelter find
'Gainst summer's sun or winter's wind,
Though the whole circuit of the tower
Of broken pride, and pomp, and power,
Scarce offereth man defence from passing shower!

And now we are embark'd again;—
And now the sun draws near the main;—
And now the harbour is in sight,
Its wooded cliffs and turrets white—
And, oh! it is a lovely night!
The fierceness of the star of day,
Cedes to his sister's milder ray,
And Luna from the sky-closed ocean,
With a goddess's majestic motion
Rises, (as the sea-born daughter
Rose from her parent's womb of water;
When, loveliest of the wandering seven,
She claimed her birth-right place in Heaven.)
And slowly as she climbs the sky,
Her form assumes a deeper die;
And all her heavenly subject train
Before her presence droop and wane;

Retiring from the vaulted scene
To leave it vacant for their Queen—
(All but the few who linger still
As handmaids to her maiden will.)
While not a ripple curls to break
Her brightness columned o'er the lake!

MARSHALL'S NAVAL BIOGRAPHY.

From this publication we have taken a few more anecdotes, for the amusement of our readers.

The volatility of the French character is strongly evinced in the following relation:

"On board *La Fortune* (a French corvette taken off *Damietta* by Captain *Hallowell*) were several officers, and amongst the rest a Surgeon on the staff, who, it seems, had suffered his sense of the dangers and difficulties he was exposed to by the expedition, to get the better of his prudence, and had expressed his disapprobation of it with so much acrimony that General *Buonaparte* had, by way of punishment, put him into the corvette, bound on a cruise off *Damietta*. As soon as he was informed of the event of the battle in *Aboukir Bay*, and that his brother was killed on board *l'Orient*, he threw his snuff-box overboard, and expressed the most lively sorrow; when suddenly recovering himself with the observation, '*c'est la fortune de la guerre*,' he turned to the spectators and said he would amuse them, and instantly pulled from his pocket a ludicrous figure of a monk, with which he so entertained himself and them, that in a few moments all care for his brother, his country, or himself, now a prisoner, was forgotten."

The rest of our selections are more appropriate to British seamen.

"Captain *Gayton* became a Rear-Admiral Oct. 18, 1776; was made a Vice-Admiral Feb. 3, 1776; and immediately afterwards appointed to the chief command at *Jamaica*. Returning from thence in the *Antelope*, he fell in with a large ship, which was at first mistaken for an enemy, and preparations made to receive her accordingly, though of force infinitely superior to the *Antelope*. The Vice-Admiral, though so extremely infirm as to be almost unable to walk, came upon the quarter-deck, and after concisely exhorting his crew to behave like Englishmen, told them, that for his part, "he could not stand by them, but he would sit and see them fight as long as they pleased." This gallant officer died at *Fareham* in 1787.

"Captain *Harvey* commanded the *Brunswick*, of 74 guns, on the memorable 1st of June, 1794. He was wounded early in the action by a musket-ball, which tore away part of his right hand; but this he carefully concealed, and bound the wound up with his handkerchief. Some time after this he received a violent contusion in the loins, which laid him almost lifeless on the deck: from this severe blow he however rallied his strength of mind, and continued at his post, directing and conducting the action, until a double-headed shot splitting, struck his right arm near the elbow, and shattered it to pieces. Growing faint through loss of blood, he was now compelled to retire; but when assistance was offered to conduct him below, he nobly refused it,—"I will not have a single man leave his quarters on my account! my legs still remain to bear me down into the cockpit." In this wounded and shattered state he cast a languid yet affectionate look towards his brave crew—"Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty! continue the action with spirit, for

the honour of our King and Country; and remember my last words—THE COLOURS OF THE *Brunswick* SHALL NEVER BE STRUCK!" About sun-set it was found necessary to amputate his arm above the elbow; and on the day after the *Brunswick's* arrival at *Spithead*, he was conveyed on shore at *Portsmouth*, where, after bearing the most excruciating pain with christian resignation, he was released from this world, and lost to his country, on the 30th June.

"The House of Commons, to perpetuate the memory of this heroic man, unanimously voted a monument to be erected in *Westminster abbey*: had he survived, his name would have been included in the flag-promotion which took place on the 4th of the following month. It is a singular coincidence of events, that Captain *Harvey*, and Captain *Hutt*, of the *Queen*, were companions in a post-chaise from *London*, on joining their respective ships, previous to their last cruise: they both lost a limb in the action; died on the same day; and are both recorded on the same monument, raised by a grateful country to their memory."

"The following anecdote is related of *James Daley*, a seaman of the *Victorious*, whose left thigh was carried away by a shot, so high up that a portion of the hip was attached to it, and the right shattered to pieces. On his way to the cockpit, he observed that one of the guns close to the hatchway, was run out, and about to be discharged; he immediately desired the seamen who were carrying him down, to stop, which they did, when he requested to be allowed to have one shot more at the enemy before he died; 'after doing which,' he added, 'he would die content.' His request was granted; when he very contentedly permitted himself to be carried down, exclaiming on the ladder, 'Fight on, my boys! fight on for your King and Country until you die.' On his arrival in the cockpit, he said to the Surgeon, 'Sir, I know you will do all you can for me, but I also know, there is nothing in your power.' In less than half an hour after, his gallant soul left this for another world."

"Captain *Otway* continued to command the *Trent* on the *Jamaica* station till September 1800, when he sailed for England with the flag of *Sir Hyde Parker*. During the six years that he had served in the West Indies, he is supposed to have captured and destroyed about two hundred of the enemy's privateers and merchantmen, mounting on the whole 1000 guns. Nothing can mark the character of this officer more strongly than the following anecdote, of the authenticity of which we are well assured:—A party of seamen belonging to the *Trent* were on shore at *Portsmouth* returning stores, when the Master-Attendant of the Dock-yard asked them how they liked their Captain; one of them replied, 'he was a man who would never deceive his crew, for if any of them deserved a couple of dozen, and be promised it, they were sure to get it; but that he did not make them polish shot or stanchions, and that he made the officers do their duty as well as the men.' Another of them observed, that 'the Captain always slept with 'one eye open,' and looked out for them all."

On Capt. *Otway's* ship, the *Edgar*, being paid off at *Chatham* in July 1802, it is remarked, that "the ensuing Christmas night was the first he had slept on shore since 1784, a period of eighteen years."

Captain (now Admiral) *Hallowell* present-

ed Lord Nelson, in May 1799, with a coffin made from the wreck of the French Admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, which blew up at the battle of Aboukir, accompanied by the following letter:

"My Lord.—I have taken the liberty of presenting you a Coffin made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies—but that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, BEN. HALLOWELL."

"On the bottom of this singular present was pasted a certificate written on paper, to the following effect: 'I do hereby certify, that every part of this coffin is made of the wood and iron of *L'Orient*, most of which was picked up by His Majesty's ship under my command, in the Bay of Aboukir.'

Swiftsure, May 23, 1799. BEN. HALLOWELL."

"The astonishment that prevailed amongst the crew of the Vanguard, Lord Nelson's flag ship, when they were actually convinced it was a coffin which had been thus conveyed on board, will be long remembered by their officers: 'We shall have hot work of it indeed,' said one of the seamen; 'you see the Admiral intends to fight till he is killed, and there he is to be buried.' Lord Nelson highly appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair on which he sat at dinner, and viewed it with the undaunted mind of a great warrior. At length, by the tears and entreaties of an old servant, he was prevailed on to allow its being carried below. When his Lordship left the Vanguard, the coffin was removed into the Foudroyant, where it remained for many days on the gratings of the quarter-deck. Whilst his officers were one day looking at it, he came out of the cabin: 'You may look at it, Gentlemen,' said the hero, 'as long as you please; but depend on it none of you shall have it.'"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ORIEL.

MR. EDITOR.—Understanding that some learned gentlemen, not far from Temple-bar, have been lately amusing themselves in searching the origin of the name of *Oriel*, given to a window, jutting out of the plane surface of a Gothic building, I take the liberty to send you some extracts from my "Gleanings" on the subject.

ORIEL, old French; *Oriol*, or *Oryal*, and even *Oryol*; a name which was used by both English and French writers, but now spelt, by modern authors, *Oriel*. It meant "a small room where people retired to take their refreshment." In fact, an *Oriel* is a recess in the "embrasure" of a large window, contrived to allow a larger space to the apartment, and to admit in it a greater effusion of light. In several monastical refectories, the stone pulpit, where the lecturer stood reading to the "commensals" during their meal or repast, was placed on one side of the *Oriel*, with a curious cockle-staircase, also of stone, for the reader to ascend. I have seen several of these *Oriels* and pulpits on the continent, and our architectural writers have offered us many specimens of the kind in their works. This *Oriel* was the only window allowed to the refectory. But this was not a definition exclusively applied to a breakfasting-room, for it meant also "a porch or court-yard," says

Cowel, *ad verbum Oriolum*, where he quotes Mat. Paris: 1251, in the following words: *Nisi in refectorio vel Oriolo pranderet*. This proves, if Mathew is right, that the *Oriolum* was a sort of recess, or "embrasure," in a monastical refectory, or a small room attached to it, and not, as Cowel said at first, *Oriolum* (i. e. a porch, or court-yard). The same most clever interpreter, under the word *Oryal*, *Oriolum*, produces these words: *Ordinatio propectu fratris Johannis Assheli, dudum prioris de Daventre, facta, 22 Oct. 1420. Habebat cameram quandam in eodem Prioratu vulgariter appellatam Ly Oryal, et habebat annuatim 40 Sol. collectan. Matth. Hutton, S.T.P. ex registris Ric: Flemmyng, Ep. Linc. M.S.* Here we have a particular apartment called the *Oriel*, on account of its receiving the light from such a window. *Adjacet atrium nobilissimum quod Porticus, vel Oriolum appellatur.* Mat. Paris, in vitis Abb. S. Albani.

So far we can nearly, but not exactly, surmise what was the use of an *Oriel*; but we have not yet touched the spring which may open the way to the etymology of the word; for, indeed, the concluding phrase in Cowel's Interpreter amounts only to this—"We may justly presume that *Oriel*, or *Oryal* College, in Oxford, took name from such room, or portico, or cloister."

I need not explain what an *Oriel* is; every one of your readers knows that it is a bay, or jutting-window, projecting out with a face parallel to the wall, but at a certain distance from it, and two cheeks or sides at angles with it. From this conformation some etymologists deduce the name *Oriel*, from *Oreille*, Fr.; and, indeed, a sort of work in fortification is called, in French, *Orillon*, a great or small ear, according to the relative bigness of the projecting battlement. But this etymology, however ingenious, will not do; for the French may call the slant sides of the *Oriel*, "*Oreilles*," but they would not give the name of *Oreille* to the whole window.

Orare, *Oro*, "to pray," was also ingeniously proposed to have its run in the etymological hippodrome, but was soon whipped off by the "knowing ones," who did not forget that the derivatives of the verb *Oro*, *Orare*, never admit the letter I after the R. An *Oratory* has nothing to do with an *Oriel*, although an *Oriel* might have been, in some old castles, turned into an oratory by some heroine of a romance.

After all these observations, quotations, and derivations, in which I find no earthly comfort, I humbly propose that the word in question, *Oriel*, is most probably descended from *Oriens*, *Orientalis*—the East, the source of light; and that *Orientalis* was, in old MSS. abbreviated, or contracted into *Ori-olis*, or *Orielis*, applied to a window looking towards the East—e.g. *Lux Orioli fenestrâ*. I do not intend to assert that all *Oriels* were eastern windows, but they might have been such in churches of olden times, when the Virgin Mary's Chapel, invariably situated at the eastern end of the building, in a recess behind the main altar, received its portion of light from the projecting front and sides of an *Oriel*.

I remain, &c.

June 9, 1823.

THE GLEANER.

* Bailey, in his Dictionary, is of opinion that *Oriel* College, at Oxford, took its name from its eastern situation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANTIQUITIES ON THE RHINE.

IN the village of Hedderheim, a castle founded by Adrian, numerous Roman antiquities are still daily found and disposed of to various purchasers. Among these is mentioned a very fine inscription ornamented with the statue of a Genius. It is a half-naked youth, with a crown of laurel on his head, holding in his right hand a patera, and in his left a cornucopia. The inscription, which is given by Fuchs in his History of Mayence, book ii. page 13, and may therefore be considered as known, is dedicated to the genius *Plateae novi vici*. In vol. ii. p. 24 of the same work, is described another votive stone, likewise found at Hedderheim, and dedicated to the genius *Plateae novi vici*. Till now, however, the altar of the old main street has not been made known. It was dug up this year, and is a very richly adorned altar in good preservation, with the following inscription:

IN H D D
PLAT. PRÆTOR
ARAM QUI
IGENIVM
SANTONIVS
GRATVS. D D
IMP. — — — — —
III T. DIORÆ COS.

Which a learned friend reads as follows: *In honorem domus divinae Plateae Prætorine aramque et Genium Sextus Antonius Gratus dono dedit Imperatore Aurelio (Alexandro Severo) Augusto. III. et Dione (Cassius Apponius Dio) Consulibus.*

The name of the Emperor has been designedly effaced, as the name of the twenty-second legion, *Alexandrina*, has been on that still at Hedderheim.

This monument appears to have been the principal altar of the Roman camp, and is of the year 229 of the Christian Era, that is, a year older than the other, which belonged to the road of the new quarter; whereas that now found was presented to the head quarters by a Roman of distinction. It was found not very deep under the ground, close to a pretty long wall on the spot where antiquaries suppose the Castrum to have been, lying upon large stones which formerly, perhaps, served as a pedestal. It is of grey sand-stone, about 2½ feet high, the front about 1½ foot broad, and the two sides about a foot.

In the year 1821 the Royal Museum at Bonn received, also from Hedderheim, a winged head of Mercury dug up there, which with respect to size, workmanship, and materials, perfectly resembles this altar, and perhaps may have belonged to it. The workmanship of the head is indeed rather rude, but it has a certain character and decided style, which is peculiar to all the Roman works of sculpture which have been found in this neighbourhood.

MOUNT ETNA FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.

The following summary statements were extracted from a Journal kept by M. Mario Gemmelaro at Catania:

1804.—No eruption; the volcano, however, smoked for 97 days. On the 9th of February a sensible shock of an earthquake. 1805.—Smoke for 47 days; flames for 28 days. Eruption from the great crater in June. Earthquake on the 3d of July.

1806.—47 days' smoke; 7 days' flames; 28 days' volcanic thunder. Earthquakes on the 27th of May and 10th of October.

1807.—Smoke during 59 days. Earthquakes on the 24th of February and 29th of November.

1808.—12 days' smoke; 102 days' flames. Several earthquakes, accompanied with detonations, in the months of August, September, and December.

1809.—Smoke for 152 days; flames 3; thundering noise 11 days. Volcanic eruption from 27th of March to 8th of April. Earthquakes in January, February, March, April, May, September, and December: the strongest was on March 27.

1810.—Smoke 21 days; flames 6. No eruption; but in the night of the 16th to the 17th of February, after a dreadful noise in the volcano, four shocks of an earthquake, one of which was felt in Malta, Africa, and even in the island of Cyprus.

1811.—An uncommonly loud noise in the volcano on the 25th and 26th of October. On the 27th a cleft opened in the eastern declivity, and a stream of lava issued out of the opening. A great number of slight shocks of earthquake; that on the 27th of March was felt all over the island.

1812.—The crater remained open from 27th October 1811, till April 24, 1812, and poured forth an immense quantity of lava; after which the volcano smoked a little for 6 days. A mountain, which the inhabitants call Mount Saint-Simon, was formed in this year. No earthquakes took place.

1813.—28 days' smoke; the new Mount Saint-Simon smoked on the 30th of June and 5th August. Two earthquakes. Strong smell of antimony during a storm of wind on 16th January.

1814.—Smoke for only 5 days. Sudden shower of ashes on that side of the mountain which is called Zoccolaro, and on the Timpa del Barile, on the 3d of November. There was no noise before this phenomenon, but an earthquake followed it.

1815.—Smoke during 42 days. Earthquake on the 6th of September.

1816.—Smoke for 27 days. No earthquake. A part of the inner wall of the great crater fell in with a dreadful noise.

1817.—22 days' smoke. Earthquake on the 18th of October.

1818.—24 days' smoke. Twenty-five earthquakes: the most powerful happened on 23d February.

M. Gemmelaro has stated in his Journal a fact, which seems so singular, that we can scarcely venture to copy it. He asserts, that on the 1st of June 1814, the air in the neighbourhood of Catania became so sonorous, that even the movement of the fingers was sufficient to produce a whistling noise, which could also be modulated in a certain degree.

Report on the Progress of the Mathematical Sciences, by M. Fourier.

[Second Notice.]

THE discoveries which have been lately made in the theories of Electricity and Magnetism owe their origin to the memorable experiments of M. Oersted, of the Academy of Copenhagen. Long-continued researches, and his remarks on the identity of the causes of electricity and of magnetism, at last afforded him the opportunity of observing that the wire conductor (*le fil conducteur*) which unites the two extremities of the electrical apparatus of Volta, exercises a very apparent action on the direction of the magnetic needle; and he examined all the general characters of this phenomenon. The Academy of Sciences at

Paris, on being made acquainted with this important observation, conferred on M. Oersted one of its great annual prizes. At that time it anticipated that the discovery would become the source of a physical and mathematical theory, fruitful in new results, and its anticipations were soon realized, even in the Academy itself.

M. Arago was the first to add a very remarkable fact to those of which the celebrated Danish physician had already apprised us. He has observed that the same conductor which transmits the electrical current, attracts iron, and communicates to it the properties of the magnet; and that that effect ceases as soon as the current is interrupted.

M. Ampère has investigated, with the greatest attention and ingenuity, the general laws of the dynamic actions of the conductor and the magnets. He has ascertained that there exists between the conductors a mutual action, attractive or repulsive, according to certain circumstances; an important discovery, from which he deduces the explanation of a great number of facts. As for the action of magnetic bodies, M. Ampère attributes it to the presence of a multitude of electrical circuits formed around every molecule of those bodies. If we are unable absolutely to affirm the existence of those currents, it is at least incontestable that magnetic properties appear in a striking manner, when the shape of a helix, the spires of which are much multiplied, is given to the conductor. This consideration clearly shows the effects that must result from the action of terrestrial magnetism combined with that of the conductors. It explains a very remarkable fact, which M. Faraday was the first to observe, namely, the continual motion of a part of the conductor round a magnet. This very explanation has served to complete this ingenious experiment. It suggested the means of making the magnet turn on its axis, and of producing a continual motion among the conductors alone, or by the influence of terrestrial magnetism. The author of this theory, M. Ampère, has deduced from observation the mathematical explanation of the force which operates upon the elements of the conductors; and he thereby refers to one single principle the most complicated effects of the action of the conductors and of terrestrial magnetism. We regret that the limits of our Report will not allow us to detail the result of Sir H. Davy's beautiful experiments on the amount of the conducting property possessed by different metals, transpierced by electrical currents. We wish also we could call your attention to the process employed by M. Schweiger to multiply and render manifest the effects of an electromagnet almost insensible.

M. Biot and M. Pouillet have determined, by exact and precise processes, the mathematical laws of the action of conductors on magnets. M. Savary and M. de Montferriant have very happily applied the integral calculus to the purpose of measuring electrodynamic effects; and they have deduced from the law established by M. Ampère results conformable to the experiments of Coulomb, and of those which have just been cited.

Finally, the recent experiments of M. Seebeck, of the Academy of Berlin, prove that the contact of different metals, and the inequality of temperatures, are sufficient to occasion very sensible magnetic effects. The alternate succession of two metals, kept at different temperatures, increases effects of

this kind, and, as it were, multiplies them indefinitely. M. Oersted has just been investigating the remarkable properties of these actions, which he calls thermo-electric.

Rapid and imperfect as this Notice may be, it shows the extent of these new theories. A relation so manifest between phenomena which may be considered as of a different nature, shows us that they have a common origin, and gives us a peep into the cause of terrestrial magnetism, and of its affinity to the Aurora Borealis. The diversity alone of matters brought into contact, and the difference of temperature determining the most powerful magnetic effects, it would be as it were impossible not to observe similar effects in the firm envelope of the terrestrial globe, and at the same time feel what may be the influence of the diurnal or annual variations of the heat produced by the solar rays on magnetic phenomena.

In publishing the "*Mécanique Céleste*," an immortal work! which will be quoted in all ages as one of the grandest monuments which science has constructed, the author announced the design of writing an historical summary of mathematical discoveries relative to the system of the world. Science and Literature have just received the acquisition of the first part of this history. It is distinguished, as was the "*Account of the Progress of Astronomy*," by an elegant precision, the offspring of extensive study and profound thinking.

The first part of the fifth volume is devoted to mathematical investigations with regard to the form of the Earth,—an important and very difficult question, now completely resolved, and which recalls to our minds some illustrious names; such as those of Newton, de Clairaut, Maclaurin, Legendre, Lagrange, and Laplace.

In treating of the mutual action of the spheres, the author examines the nature of the molecular statics of æriform fluids. This investigation is entirely new. M. de Laplace's Analysis explains the two known laws respecting the statics of the gases. One of those laws bears the name of Mariotte, by whom it was discovered; we are indebted for the other to Messrs. Gay-Lussac and Dalton.

This same Analysis exhibits very distinctly the circumstances which determine the solidity, the liquid state, the conversion into vapour, and a state in some degree intermediate, of the most compressed vapours; of which nothing was known before the very remarkable experiments of M. the Baron Cagniard de la Tour.

The same theory affords the exact measure of the rapidity of Sound in the air,—a still older question, which had before been only imperfectly resolved, because the elevation of temperature ascribable to the compression of the air had not been observed.

The French Academicians in 1738 made experiments for the purpose of ascertaining this rapidity. The Office of Longitude repeated those experiments last year with all the accuracy by which physical researches are now distinguished. They have ascertained that the rapidity of sound in air of ten degrees of temperature is about 174 toises in a second.

The nicety of these new observations is owing principally to the excellence of the instruments of the Messrs. Breguet. No one is ignorant how much their discoveries have improved the modes of measuring time, and

how great are the advantages which physics, geography, and navigation derive from them.

These latter experiments on the rapidity of sound will not be less memorable than those of 1788. In order that the value of these interesting observations may be justly appreciated, it will be sufficient to say that they were proposed and carried into effect by several Members of the Board of Longitude, who had for their co-operators M. Alexandre de Humboldt, whose name, ever celebrated, is associated with all the branches of natural philosophy, and M. Gay-Lussac, the author of important discoveries in the properties of air and the gases.

We will not advert here to the annual labours of the Royal Observatory of Paris, nor to the valuable collections which are published of its observations. Every one who is interested in the progress of science knows the object and extent of those labours. Among the most recent, we may quote M. Bouvard's "Tables of Jupiter, Saturn and Urania;" which have been adopted by all astronomers.

During the year 1822 the appearance of four comets was observed. The first was discovered by M. Gambard, at Marseilles, and two of the others by M. Pons. Of one of the latter only two observations were taken, so that the nature of its orbit cannot be calculated. The orbit of the other two comets has been ascertained; it differs materially from those of preceding comets. It seems, therefore, that they are new stars; or at least not at all like those whose course has been well observed.

It is not so with the fourth comet seen in 1822, which is evidently that of 1789, 1795, 1805, and 1819. The duration of its revolution round the sun is twelve hundred and two days.

The return of this star is an astronomical event of the greatest interest. Its faint splendour and crepuscular light did not allow it to be observed in Europe. Nor were they more fortunate at the Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope; but it was described in the region of the earth the most remote from Europe—New Holland. The astronomer of the observatory of Paramatta, the most recent establishment of such a kind, observed this comet throughout the month of June 1822, and in positions very near those which had been anticipated. The foundation of this observatory is due to General Brisbane, a correspondent of the Academy of Science, the Governor of New South Wales, who cultivates astronomy and natural science, and takes a lively interest in their improvement.

The comet of 1789, which was the object of the investigation of the two celebrated philosophers Halley and Clairaut, has been hitherto the only heavenly body of that kind whose elliptic revolution has been known with complete certainty; but the period fixed for its return is about seventy-six years. The comet of which we have just been speaking, and of which M. Enke has calculated the elliptical orbit, affords this advantage, that it may be observed ten times in the course of thirty-three years. The elongated ellipse which it describes is comprised within the interior of our solar system. Its least distance from the sun is about a third part that of the earth; and its greatest distance from the sun is equal to twelve lines at least.

This comet is perhaps destined to yield us some new information as to the singular nature of those stars which have very little substance, and seem to consist solely of condensed vapours. They do not occasion any

sensible disturbance in our planetary system; but they themselves undergo very considerable perturbation. Their course cannot be fixed, if the mass changes gradually, or separates, or is dissipated. However, as long as the mass does subsist, these stars are subject to the known laws of gravity; so that there is not one of them, the observation of which does not furnish a new proof of the truth of the principles of modern astronomy.

[We reserve an equal portion of this able paper for our next Gazette.]

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, June 21.—Tuesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Mills, and Rev. G. Booth, Fellows of Magdalen College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. Nicholl, Esq. sometime Student of Ch. Ch., Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—C. J. Plumer, Esq. Fellow of Oriel College; Rev. E. G. Ambrose Beckwith, Magdalen College; H. Brandreth, and J. Pruett, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Watson, Brasenose Coll.; Leveson Smith, Christ Church.

On Thursday last, the Rev. J. W. Burford, M.A. sometime Fellow of Wadham College, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.

June 28.—On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. R. Mason, Queen's College; Rev. H. Card, Pembroke College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. E. Hony, and Rev. P. Johnson, Fellows of Exeter College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. C. H. Ridding, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Kay, Chaplain of Magdalen College; J. Parker, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. E. Warnford, St. John's Coll.; G. Hamilton Seymour, Fellow of Merton College.

Yesterday the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. R. Grant, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—R. Dalsel Thomson, Rev. J. Egerton, Rev. H. Washington, and Rev. W. A. Shirley, Fellows of New College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 20.—Sir Wm. Browne's gold medals for the Greek ode and for the Greek and Latin Epigrams, were yesterday adjudged as follows:

GREEK ODE.—*In Obitum Viri admodum Reverendi Doctissimiq; Thomæ Fanshuæ Middleton, Episcopi Calcuttensis.* To Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Trinity College.

Gn. EP.—*Ἐάν τις φιλομαθῆς, ἴσῃ πολυμαθῆς.*

LATIN EP.—*Ὅς φρονεῖ πάλιν μακροτέρα.*

To John Wilder, Fellow of King's College.

LATIN ODE.—*Africani Cutenis Desinetti.* No prize adjudged.

June 27.—The Rev. Peter Paul Dobree, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, was yesterday unanimously elected Regius Professor of Greek, on the resignation of the very Rev. J. H. Monk, D.D. Dean of Peterborough.

The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best dissertations in Latin prose, were on Monday last adjudged as follows:

SENIOR BACHELORS.—*Quenam sunt Ecclesie Legibus Stabilita Beneficia et Quæ Ratione maxime Promoveunda?*—Alfred Ollivant, B.A. Trin. Coll. No second prize adjudged.

MIDDLE BACHELORS.—*Qui Fructus Historie Ecclesiasticae Studiois percipiendi sunt?*—Charles

Edward Kennaway, B.A. St. John's Coll., and George Long, B.A. Trin. Coll.

The Porson prize, for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse, was on Monday last adjudged to Benj. Hall Kennedy, of St. John's Coll.—Subject, Henry VIII. Act v. Scene 6. beginning with "This Royal Infant," and ending with "And so stand fix'd."

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—You have taken such laudable interest in every subject connected with the Fine Arts in this country, and appear so ambitious of the success of our artists, that I have presumed to suggest to you an idea which has frequently occupied my mind, and will I trust meet with your approbation and support.

All efforts that are made to stimulate young artists in the pursuit of their ultimate objects are deserving of encouragement, and I presume it would not be very difficult to call the immediate attention of the British Government to a plan which has been adopted with great success by our neighbours the French.

You are aware, Mr. Editor, that individuals in this country are now in possession of some of the proudest monuments of Grecian and Roman sculpture, and my desire is that competent artists may be employed, not only in making correct drawings from them, but, in order to qualify amateurs as well as young artists, they should be engraved in the first style of the Art.

This undertaking would no doubt be very expensive, and very few persons would listen to such a proposition as an individual speculation; but the difficulty may be removed, if our Government, following the example of that of France during the reign of Napoleon, would lend a certain sum of money to carry the plan into effect. It may be asked, How will the government be remunerated? My answer is—in the same manner as in France. A certain number of impressions are taken off in the first instance, sufficient to remunerate the publisher for his advance of capital, and the copper-plates are then deposited in the hands of the government, as security for any advance that may be made; and any future copies that may be required are paid for according to the particular stipulation of the parties, in every future copy so demanded, till the advance be liquidated. This, Sir, appears to me a very fair and equitable mode of proceeding, and calculated to answer very important purposes in regard to the Arts.

It will be recollected by those who know any thing of that grand work, *Le Musée Français*, that it was published under such circumstances as those to which I have adverted. In addition to the incalculable advantages that young artists would derive from the plan proposed, another good effect would be, the more general diffusion of a true taste for works of Art, than which nothing can tend more to improve the habits of the British people.

Should these hints induce you or any of your readers to take the affair into serious consideration, I shall feel great pleasure in having brought forward so desirable a topic. France has its Louvre, its Gallery of Antiques, and grand national publications; why, in the present improved state of the Arts in this country, should we not endeavour to rival them?

Knowing, as we all do, the ardent love of the Arts which His Majesty has so frequently evinced by the purchase of some exquisite foreign productions, it is not too much to expect that a British Sovereign will be the first to sanction an undertaking of this description.

A. R.

PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London: with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Edifice. By J. Britton and A. Pugin. No. II. Published by J. Taylor, High Holborn.

Of the first Number of this conveniently sized and handsome publication, we spoke in the terms of praise which it deserved: the second Number is equally meritorious. It contains St. Martin's Church; St. Paul's Cathedral; St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and the King's Theatre, Haymarket; all beautifully engraved in a light but distinct and capital manner. The text concludes Mr. Gwillt's excellent essay on St. Paul's; gives Memoirs, from the same pen, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Martin's in the Fields; and commences an account of the Custom House, by Mr. Britton. St. Stephen's, the celebrated masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, has latterly obtained the distinction due to it; and is considered, at home as well as abroad, to be the most perfect edifice of its magnitude in the world. Had its materials been as durable, and its volume as extensive, as St. Paul's, our architect would have achieved a still nobler monument to his fame than even that mighty fabric affords.

The concise papers (from one of which we almost transcribe these remarks) give much additional value to this publication; and we rejoice to observe, that as it becomes more generally known it confirms our first opinion, and acquires greater popularity.

The Works of Antonio Canova. Engraved in Outline by Henry Moses. Published by S. Prowett, Strand.

This is another work of periodical appearance, to the early Numbers of which we paid our respects. We have now seven Numbers before us, and have to speak fully as favourably of the design in its continuation as we did of its first promise. No. 7. has Socrates defending himself before the judges; an interesting composition, from the heads being all modelled from ancient busts, &c. though the figures appear to be too short either for grace or dignity. Socrates sending away his family before drinking the poison is also engraved in this Number, as are also single figures of Peace, Damocles, and Crengas. In the first we find little to admire—the allegorical wings do not express what they were meant to express, and the draping is any thing but beautiful. The Crengas and Damocles are vigorous athletes, and seem to be good statues of the Herculean cast.

Hector and Ajax (statues,) Helen (a head,) Religion (an allegorical figure,) and Socrates rescuing Alcibiades (a fighting group,) are the subjects of No. 6. Religion is in marble, for the temple at Passagno, the birth-place of the sculptor; the group is only from a basso relievo in plaster, which we notice for the purpose of remarking that many of the designs of Canova have not been executed, though the Italian publication (the ground-work of this) treats of them as if they were finished.

From the other Numbers we shall only specify a delicious Venus and Adonis, and

the familiar Paris. The Venuses, Graces, Psyche, &c. of Canova, possess a perhaps too great similarity of character; but it is very voluptuous and beautiful. His forte was the female form; and it is astonishing how finely Mr. Moses manages by a bare outline to convey to the eye so perfect an impression of what the artist has accomplished. The skill of the engraver is charmingly manifested; and his work deserves the encouragement it has met.

Welsh Scenery, from Drawings by Capt. Batty. Published by J. Murray.

These gems, as we ventured to pronounce them to be, have reached their sixth stage without failure or falling off. The last plate, the Bridge at Rahyadergwy, by E. Finden, is one of the simplest and prettiest of the whole; though Conway Castle is exquisitely touched, and wrought to a degree of beauty worthy of the subject. Cader Idris and Snowdon contrast with the scenery of the Devil's Bridge, Ragland, and Vale Crucis; while the picturesque Dolbadern and Aber (waterfall) still farther diversify these sweet transcripts of Welsh landscape. Were we to offer any criticism upon them, we should hint that Capt. Batty does not always lay on his lights as they could exist in nature, and Mr. Finden is sometimes seduced into mannerism with regard to them, which has a speckly and inharmonious effect.

Twelve Lithographic Drawings of Celebrated Horses, from Pictures painted by James Ward, Esq. R.A. Published by Ackermann, and Rodwell & Martin.

These lithographic drawings are executed by Mr. Ward himself, consequently possess a value beyond any thing of the kind with which we are acquainted. That gentleman's extraordinary talent in the portraiture of the horse, the truth of his anatomy, and the nature of his general form, are too highly appreciated to need our eulogy; and therefore we need only state, that in the work before us all his masterly touches and powers of pencil are embodied as completely and perfectly as they would be in chalk by his own hand.

Of the twelve plates of which the series is to be composed, we have on our table the first Number, containing four—viz. Monitor and Soothsayer, the property of His Majesty; Doctor Syntax, belonging to Ralph Riddell, Esq.; and Primrose (a brood-mare,) and foal, belonging to the Duke of Grafton. The variety and beauty of these animals cannot be so described as to impart to readers that feeling of their excellence which the spectator will acquire at one glance: and we must be contented with mentioning them as masterpieces of the Art which has been employed in thus multiplying their images, at a low price, for the portfolio of the collector, and more especially for the room walls of sporting men, and places of public resort.

PICTURE SALES.

We have recently had occasion to mention the prices paid for ancient Masters and for remarkable works of our own country, at the sales of Mr. Watson Taylor's pictures and the Garrick collection; and it is not without satisfaction that we quote the following sums obtained for modern productions, at a sale by Mr. Stanley, last Saturday.

The Conspiracy of Babington against Queen Elizabeth, detected by Sir Francis Walsingham, Painted by A. W. Dennis. 210*l*.

The Death of Sir Philip Sidney. Painted by Benjamin West. 105*l*.

The Wife of a Neat-herd rebuking King Alfred, (who had taken refuge in their Cottage disguised as a Peasant,) for having suffered her Cakes to burn, which she had committed to his care. Painted by David Wilkie. 52*l*.

The Death of the Earl of Chatham. Painted by J. S. Copley. 1000*g*s.

A Copy, by M. Douglas Guest, of Claude's celebrated Picture of the Embarkation of St. Ursula, brought 135*g*s.

Portrait of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchanté. Painted in enamel by H. Boue, Esq. 140*g*s.

A Landscape, by Gainsborough. 136*g*s.

* There is an admirable Engraving from this picture by Bartolozzi.

NEW EDITION OF VOYAGES PITTORESQUES.

THE high price of some fine works known by this title, and the difficulty of procuring them, have induced a bookseller of Brussels to publish a new edition, with the plates done on stone, of the same size as the original edition, that is, imperial folio. The works which it is intended to reprint are the following:—

1st Series. Voyage en Grèce, par Choiseul-Gouffier, 2 vols. with 100 plates; and the Voyage à Constantinople, 1 vol. with 50 plates.

2d Series. Voyage en Suisse, par le Baron Zurlauben; 4 vols. with 100 plates.

3d Series. Voyage à Naples et en Sicile, par St. Non; 5 vols. with 100 plates.

4th Series. Voyage en Espagne, par la Borde; 5 vols. with 100 plates.

Each volume of the text, beautifully printed, costs the subscriber eight francs, and five plates, imperial folio, five francs; so that the first series will cost only 174 francs, instead of 2000, which the first editions are worth. Three numbers of the Plates, and the first Volume of the Voyage en Grèce, are already published.—[Such works, however, seem calculated to destroy all enterprise in highly finished works of art, and introduce a lower and uncertain style of illustration.—Ed.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

THERE is a little Vale, made beautiful
By its blue gliding river, and its fields
Of tall green grass, wherein the lark has built
Her little ones a nest; its orchards hung
With crimson fruit, cherries like Beauty's lip,
And apples like her cheek; and more than all,
Its lowly cottages, with their thatched roofs
No higher than the wilding rose can reach:—
There seems so much of quiet happiness
In the white walls o'er which the honeysuckle
Has wandered in its sweetness, and above
The door has formed a porch, mixing its white
And pluked bunches with the scarlet flowers
And broad leaves of the bean! A little raised
From the ascending ground, is one that stands
Close to the rest, yet different from them all,—
For it is desolate!—the honeysuckle
Darkens the broken lattices with boughs
Heavy with unpruned leaves; the summer stock
In the small garden of the flowers and fruit,
Is trodden down and wasted; and the weeds
Are many, like the evils of this world;
The stool, where yet the straw hive stands, is left,
Deserted by the bees, for the bindweed
Has choked the entrance with its matted leaves
And cold pale blossoms. . . . It is Autumn now,
And all the trees are loaded; saving one,
Which stands with neither foliage, fruit, nor flowers,
Leafless and lifeless. And beside its trunk

There sits a pallid Boy, with thin white lips,
And, spectre-like, his hand is on a Dog
As meagre as himself, the only thing
That he will let to share his solitude.
This was not always so;—when the last Spring
Gave her first kiss to Summer, there were none
More happy than his Father and that Boy.—
He had a Father then! and there was not
A neater cottage, or a garden where
Were fruit or flowers more plenty, in the vale.
They were not poor;—can that be poverty
Where each day brings its own? there is no food
Like that ourselves have gained, no sleep like that
Which is the rest of labour. It was worth
A day of toil to sit, as they would sit,
Through the long winter evenings, by a fire
Less bright than the glad face of the fair Child
Who sat beside his Father, listening
With eager eyes to the strange tales which he,
A sailor in his youth, could tell; or else,
In gentler tones, heard how his Mother died
The very day that he lisped her name.
And yet more pleasant on a summer eve
To sit in the cool shade of their own door,
While EDWARD, quite forgetful of how tired
He had been in the morning, would start up
And join and win his young companions' race,
His Father watching, proud of each fleet step.
They never seemed apart, for EDWARD was
His own dear parent's shadow—labour was
A pleasure by his side; and oftentimes
He would leave all his sports, and fondly steal
To his most happy Father, whose whole life
Was centered but in his. There is no tie
Like that last holiest link of love, which binds
The lonely child to its more lonely parent.
One day young EDWARD sought the neighbour-
ing town,

With charge and promise of a swift return;
And when the sunshine of a July noon
Fell hot upon the earth, his Father left
His solitary labour; the blue sky
Was darkened with a shadow, and the air
Weighed heavy on the brow, and made breath pain.
He entered the low cottage to prepare
Their meal for his tired boy, when suddenly
He heard a sound of thunder from the hills
Roll o'er the valley; looking out, he saw
A black cloud on the sun. While yet he gazed,
Like an imprisoned spirit bursting forth,
Swept a blue flood of lightning o'er the sky.
His EDWARD—where was EDWARD? out he
rushed—

Looked wistfully to the low garden gate,—
Shouted—then listened—till the heavy peal
Echoed him as in mockery. On a rise,
The limit of his little garden's stretch,
There stood a cherry-tree, now rich with fruit,—
It overlooked the land for miles around,
And from its branches he could see the path
Down which his child must come. He climbed
the tree,
But never looked around; the bolt came down
And struck him in its anger,—he lay dead!—

The storm sank into silence, and the Boy,
Drenched, but unharmed, came home;—with one
light bound,
Youth, health and happiness step on the wind,
He sprang beneath the porch. Was it surprise,
Or fear, or agony, that made him turn
Pale unto sickness as he looked around?
The cottage was quite empty, yet the door
Was open wide, the rain had washed the floor,
The dinner lay untouched, and on the hearth
The embers had burnt out; and, stranger still,
His Father's hat hung up. And EDWARD cried
Aloud in agony, and a long howl
Answered him from the garden, and he ran,

Led by the sound,—it was his dog had found
His master's corpse, and EDWARD knew his father.
Dim night fell round the boy,—hope, joy, love, fear,
And every other sense but memory, fled,
And that chained like a prisoner to one thought.
He spoke not, and knew no one,—took no food
Till natural hunger made him ravenous,
And then he ate unthankfully, and showed
No sign of notice to the hand which fed.
He staid beneath that tree thro' heat, thro' cold;
For, from the hour he saw his father dead,
He was an idiot! L. E. L.

The following is a very pretty unpublished
Song by the French chansonnier, M. Beranger.
Since his imprisonment (our Paris correspond-
ent writes us) he has published nothing;
but his Songs and Odes are sought and cir-
culated with enthusiasm.

AIR: L'ORAGE.

C'est l'amour, l'amour, &c.

Chers enfans, dansez, dansez,
Vot're âme
Echappe à l'orage.
Par l'espoir galement bercés,
Dansez, chantez, dansez.

A l'ombre de vastes charmillles
Fuyant l'école et les leçons,
Petits garçons, petites filles,
Vous voulez danser aux chansons.
En vain ce pauvre monde
Craind de nouveaux malheurs,
Eu vain la foudre gronde,
Couronnez-vous de fleurs:
Chers enfans, &c.

L'éclair sillonne le nuage,
Mais il n'a point frappé vos yeux;
L'oiseau se tait dans le feuillage;
Rien n'interrompt vos chants joyeux.
J'en crois votre allégresse;
Où, bientôt d'un ciel pur,
Vos yeux brillants d'ivresse,
Réfléchiront l'azur.
Chers enfans, &c.

Vos pères ont eu bien des peines:
Comme eux, ne soyez point trahis;
D'une main ils brisaient leurs chaînes,
De l'autre ils vengeaient leurs pais.
De leur char de victoire
Tombés sans déshonneur,
Ils vous léguent la gloire;
Ce fut tout leur bonheur.
Chers enfans, &c.

Au bruit de lugubres fanfares,
Hélas! vos yeux se sont ouverts;
C'était le clairon des barbares,
Qui vous annonçait nos revers.
Dans le fracas des armes,
Sous nos toits en débris,
Vous mêliez à nos larmes
Vot're premier souris.
Chers enfans, &c.

Vous triompherez des tempêtes
Où notre courage expira,
C'est en éclatant sur nos têtes,
Que la foudre nous éclaira.
Si le Dieu qui vous aime
Crut devoir nous punir,
Pour vous sa main reséme
Les champs de l'avenir.
Chers enfans, &c.

Enfans! l'orage qui redouble,
Du sort présage le courroux;
Le sort ne vous cause aucun trouble,
Mais à mon âge on craint ses coups.
S'il faut que je succombe
En chantant nos malheurs,
Déposez sur ma tombe
Des couronnes de fleurs.
Chers enfans, &c.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, June 25, 1832.

THE second volume of the *Hermit in Prison*,
by Jay and Jony, has made its appearance,
after some delay. The secret of the business
is as follows: The learned prisoners agreed
with Ladvocat, the bookseller, for a volume,
and one volume was announced; but M. Lad-
vocat thought he could make a better job of
the reputation and the imprisonment of his
authors, by eking out to two volumes the
matter prepared. Alas! he found himself
short for the second volume, about sixty pages
—demands on the authors—authors have ex-
hausted their stores—bookseller presses—
prisoners declare they engaged for a volume
—Ladvocat protests that had he published
in a different type, &c. they would still have
had to furnish the copy required—and, *enfin*,
concludes by demanding, "What are forty or
sixty pages to gentlemen of your *esprit*, who
have such facility of invention and expres-
sion? Sentiments and sentences flow from
your pen with the ink with which you trace
the letters." Who could withstand such flatter-
ing appeals? The authors set to work,
and the second volume comes forth as in-
teresting as the first, and supposed by the public
to have been all equally inspired and equally
intended for its gratification, rather than for
the benefit of the booksellers of the Palais
Royal.

In this volume, thus produced, there is
among other tales, one entitled *Ninette*,
on la fille de bonne Volonté, par E. Jony;
and another entitled *Prisonnier de New*
York. The first of these is founded on an
historical event; and I think I shall not dis-
please you by the following translation:

"In the time of the Regents there lived, or
rather flourished, at Vverot, a sweet little girl
named Ninette. If the portrait which I have
now before me be faithful, nothing so gracious,
so ravishing, had yet appeared in the king-
dom, which does not measure less than a
league and a half in circumference, and the
name of which must ever recall to recollec-
tion that *bon petit Roi* immortalized by our
Horace. In the earliest spring of her life,
Ninette had an elegant and flexible figure, a
beautiful face, a bewitching smile, and eyes
so full of tender expression, that one look
alone, even when a child, revealed her des-
tiny. She was an orphan; the rich Prior of
a neighbouring abbey adopted her from in-
fancy, and when she had attained her four-
teenth year, called her his niece. The Prior
was seized by a dangerous malady, and for
reasons which I shall not investigate, sent
away his niece before the arrival of a crowd
of cousins, attracted by the hope of sharing
his wealth. Ninette arrived at Paris, with
the little baggage and the little purse which
she had received from her 'uncle, who died
some days after her departure.

"The manuscript from which I extract my
information, says nothing of Ninette during
the first four months of her residence at Paris.
It is however probable that, in some obscure
retreat, she concealed her sorrow and in-
dulged her affectionate regret; for when she
presented herself to the persons to whom she
had been recommended by the Prior, and
who refused to receive her, the roses had
faded from her cheeks, and the brilliancy of
her beauty had quite disappeared.

"Ninette had exhausted her feeble re-
sources, and began to feel the pressure of
want and despair, when one fine evening a

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lady, who had followed her some time under the arcades of the *Place Royale*, addressed her in the most affable manner, and so insinuated herself into the confidence of the poor child, that she obtained from her all her history. The lady pressed her to go home with her, and Ninette cheerfully complied with the ardent request of her generous protector. They mounted an elegant carriage, which was in waiting on the *Boulevard*, and alighted at a very fine hotel in *Rue Culture Sainte Catherine*.

"Ninette passed some weeks in a pavilion from which she witnessed the promenades and amusements of other young ladies, with whom she could not associate or converse; and though she occasionally felt some anxiety for the result of the extraordinary attentions she received, she had only to cast her eyes on the mirror, and observe the returning tints and the improving beauty of her countenance, to be satisfied and cheerful. Agreeable as was her situation, her solitude at length began to be irksome; and one day on leaving the bath, she ventured to give a hint on the subject to her protector, who herself assisted her, and performed for her the most minute services. 'My child,' said her friend, 'your health and beauty are restored, and I will now inform you of the honour that awaits you. My name is La Fillon, and is celebrated in Paris. I am the friend of the Prince, and my house is a sort of merry chapel to his parish.' Ninette had commenced a string of questions, which occasioned the utmost mirth to the lady, when Monseigneur was announced. 'Your Excellence has arrived most fortunately,' said the dame: 'Ninette, just from her village, is ignorant of every thing; but I can assure you she is worthy of your high protection.' Ninette justified the recommendation; and as a shrewd woman has more wit than a prime minister, she succeeded in inspiring a passion as sincere as a man of the Prince's character could experience, and he placed her virtue under the safeguard of La Fillon, who was personally responsible.

"Cardinal Dubois had followed the advice of Horace, and his establishment united *l'utile et l'agréable*. It was at once an agency of pleasure and of police. He pretended that the *femmes galantes*, by their habit of deceit, had a great advantage over the most expert politicians; and that in the company of certain nightly witnesses, the most profound diplomats committed important indiscretions. This idea induced the Cardinal to give a degree of vogue to the *boudoir* of La Fillon, and to attract there, especially, the diplomatic corps. The female agents had orders to redouble their zeal and activity on the occasion of a plot which was on foot against legitimacy, since known as the conspiracy of the Marquis de Cellamere. In spite, however, of every precaution, the Abbé Porto Carrero, nephew of the Portuguese Ambassador, succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of the Regent and of his ministers. Every thing was prepared for the triumph of the cause of the *Duc de Maine*; and Dom Velasquez, secretary of the embassy, was to set off in the night for Madrid, with the Abbé Porto Carrero, and the definitive arrangements of the conspirators who were to put the reins, now held by the Regent, into the hands of a bastard of Louis XIV. So much it has been necessary to say of politics, to give the key to what remains of the adventures of Ninette. Cardinal Dubois, in order to amuse Ninette in the separate and select part of the Harem

to which she was confined, ordered her to have masters in all the fashionable accomplishments, and to enjoy every gratification consistent with his political plans in the administration of his establishment. It so happened that the same drawing-master had the honour of instructing the lovely Ninette and the intriguing Dom Velasquez; and the terms in which the instructor spoke of the young lady so excited the curiosity of the Secretary, that he was determined to see the treasure so carefully concealed in a house where he was an assiduous visitor. The praises of Dom Velasquez, in which the old master often indulged before Ninette, produced on her a similar effect; and as curiosity easily triumphs over feebleness, the desire of seeing each other was soon equally felt by both the young scholars."

(To be concluded in our next.)

DRAMA.

J. P. Kemble.—A lithographic Portrait of the late Mr. Kemble is among the most recent publications of that style in Paris. We are sorry to see, while foreigners pay homage (however humble the instance) to British Talent, that the design for a National Monument in its honour languishes into failure. This we attribute entirely to the want of popularity in the mode of conducting the subscription. Had a public meeting been called instead of the private Committee, from whom the proposition emanated, there would long ere now have been funds for giving Westminster Abbey another ornament, and the memory of John Kemble its due tribute. Perhaps it is not yet too late; for the feeling towards this accomplished Gentleman was too strong to partake of the evanescence so common in the relations between the bustling living world and the silent dead.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This summer resort opened on Monday, and had a crowded audience. The Theatre has undergone some alterations, the most observable of which (besides lustres, and chandeliers, and lights, which ought first to be noticed, as they enable us to notice every thing else,) are a change in the colour of the centre circle of Boxes, and the dropping of some festooned drapery from that circle over the Dress. This has a good effect, and relieves the eye from the shining glitter of metallic ornament now too generally spread over our Theatres; though the draping is rather heavy for the place and season. The Grand Saloon too has been much altered, but we cannot say for the better. On the contrary, considering the company who chiefly occupy that part of the House, a great want of feeling has been shown in its novel construction. It is, in fact, made into an aviary, or large cage, by means of trellis-work so disposed, that when you enter a little way, like the labyrinth at Bath, or perhaps like that older one of Crete, it is no easy matter to find your way out again. Now the disagreeable recollections to which this formation must give rise in the breasts of many of that class who frequent the lobbies, are enough to rob the place of all pleasure. Who would choose to be imprisoned in a cage with an Armida of the Strand, peeping through the reticular openings, just as the poor debtors do in soliciting charity from passers down the east side of Fleet-market? But we know the friends of the proprietors will urge, and with much force too, that they had a moral design in this structure,—that it was meant

as a monitory warning to the young and the dissipated, against entangling themselves in those mazy pursuits, from which, once enthralled, the return was so painful and difficult. And in this point of view we do think they are entitled to the public gratitude, to which we leave them and the Grand Saloon.

The performances consisted of a new piece, *The Swing Bridge*; the merry farce of *Gretna Green*; and the *Poor Soldier*. The first merits only the epithet applied to the last, *viz.* "poor;" and for *Poor Soldier* it may be transposed, *Poor Swing Bridge*; while, by way of fair exchange, as the new Patrick used that motion throughout, the *Swing Soldier* might be given in return. All the triteness of the Stage is combined in the piece, and in spite of Bartley's bluff honesty, T. P. Cooke's despairing, Broadhurst's singing, Kealey's simperishness, Miss Carr's softness, and Miss Povey's languishingness, the springs of this *Bridge* work were too feeble to sustain it. In *Gretna Green* the admirable Kelly was all at home; as full of vivacity and nature as ever—ever charming, ever new. Wrench, in Jenkins, was not unworthy of the accomplished Betty Finnikin; and W. Bennett and Power acquitted themselves well in the old Guardian and roguish Landlord. Such entertainments as this, with fan and laughter in their train, are the things to be brought forward, if the Managers look for success. Inferior Operas of the sentimental cast will not do; though perhaps a highly-dressed Melo-drama of the supernatural and ultra-pathetic kind would answer as a contrast to the humorous. Modern audiences love to have their souls harrowed; or their diaphragms tickled, better than to have their ears abused with bad or indifferent music. And this brings us to the last performance on the first night,—the *Poor*, alias the *Swing Soldier*: Patrick, Miss Grenville, from Bristol; Darby, Mr. W. Chapman, from Brighton; and Captain Fitzroy; Dermot, Bagatelle, Luke, Norah, and Kathleen, by J. Bland, Broadhurst, Cooke, J. Knight, Holdaway, and Povey. The choice of an epicene part for a debut conveys an unfavourable impression of the taste (at least) of a debutante, and Miss Grenville was ill advised on this occasion. Even setting aside the want of delicacy in braving the very first scrutiny of five thousand eyes in male attire, the requisites for the character were deficient. Neither the look nor the voice were such as should have belonged to Patrick; and thus, while the act itself betrayed an impropriety of conduct, the execution of it was detrimental to the display of those talents which are possessed by the performer, and the offence carried its punishment along with it. This saves us from the pain of being more severe in our criticism; and having long desired to animadvert upon this species of abuse, gaining ground so rapidly on the Stage, we have the less hesitation in doing our duty where the modesty of the dress and demeanour of the actress (both were eminently so,) takes away the sting of personality, and leaves our remarks applicable to the practice alone. In conclusion, we will advise Miss Grenville to leave such exhibitions to others: Mad^e Vestris plays Macheath at the Haymarket. Miss G. is imperfect in her under-notes, but has considerable power, and in most of her upper tones is clear and harmonious. The Darby of the night is a bit of a grimacer and drab; his humour was a little in the Filch line, and vulgar, but he will, we think, prove a popular actor in his line. Mr. Bland sang very

badly, Mr. Broadhurst very sweetly; and Miss Holdaway not only looked very pretty, but displayed a correct judgment in acting, and a musical organ, which, under proper tuition, will raise her to rank in her profession. The other characters, &c.

VARIETIES.

Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th Regt. has announced as just ready, an octavo "Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand;" and we have also reason shortly to expect, "Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps," &c. by Mr. Robert Bakewell.

Mr. Thomas Chevalier, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, is about to publish his "Lectures on the General Structure of the Human Body, and on the Anatomy and Functions of the Skin, as delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons in 1823."

An interesting volume is expected to appear shortly from the pen of the Abbé J. A. Dubois (Missionary in Mysore, and author of a Description of the People of India;) consisting of "Letters on the State of Christianity in India, in which the Conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable."

M. Cailland, the French traveller, has presented the first equinox of his Travels in Ethiopia to the King, who has accepted of the dedication, and farther distinguished the author by sending to him, through the Duke of Buccleugh, a gold snuff-box with his cipher in diamonds.

The Duke of Mantua.—Some of the Newspapers have, we are told, been terrifically angry about the masked portrait prefixed to this Tragedy, which they say resembles Lord Byron, and must have been meant to induce a belief that the Play was written by his Lordship. Now in the first place, the noble Lord's poetry is not at present in such request as to render it worth any body's while to wish to be mistaken for him; and in the second place, had there existed such a motive as is attributed to the author, he must have been the sturdiest person alive to resort to an artifice so clumsy and palpable, as to be the very last thing Lord B. could have been suspected of doing with one of his productions. The Play however sells briskly, as we hear; and the author has either to congratulate himself on the critics' blunders, or the successful exertion of his own talents.

Sweden.—The annual reports of the general progress of science, which were read in 1821 to the Royal Academy of Stockholm, have been published. Among other things, they state that an attack has been for some time carrying on in Germany upon the mineralogical theories of Hail, and especially on the learned French professor's arrangement of crystalline forms. Geology has been little cultivated in Sweden; but Zoology has been much studied, and especially the entomological branch of it. This volume of Reports contains some very remarkable facts with regard to the insects enclosed in amber, found on the shores of the Baltic, by which it appears that they are of a species now extinct. The observations of M. Agardh, on the animalcules found in liquids, and called *vorticella canaliculata*, are very curious. M. Agardh suspects that this microscopic being attracts to itself other animals, still smaller, which serve it for food; and of which it obtains possession by means of a fascination analogous to that

which it is said certain descriptions of serpents exercise on their prey. If the learned naturalist has not been deceived by false appearances, or by his imagination; if he has really seen nature, we must allow to the microscopic universe a participation in the faculties, in the habits, and perhaps in the knowledge, more or less distinct, which belong to the larger animals, in that part of living nature in which man is classed. The well established discovery of a truth of this kind is sufficient to derange the whole of our philosophical opinions. While it makes us distrustful of our knowledge, it shows the necessity of approximating more and more nearly to perfection every means of observation. Another fact gives great force to these observations. Swammerdam had said that earth-worms multiplied themselves by eggs, which abound in spring, and in which may be seen, not only the little worm, which is about to quit them, but even the circulation of blood in its vessels. Several modern naturalists have believed that earth-worms were viviparous, because they found small worms in individuals of that description which they dissected. Messrs. Rudolphi and Jules Leo, of Berlin, have, however, confirmed the observations of Swammerdam; and the first has proved, besides, that what these naturalists took for the young of the earth-worms, were parasitical animals; intestinal worms, which belong to the species *vidua*, and which exist not only in the earth-worms themselves, but also in their eggs.

General Direction of Lightning.—*Hail-Chart.*—It results from a series of observations made in Germany, and communicated to Keffenstein, that the general direction of lightning is from East to West, comparatively seldom from North to South. It appears from another series of observations in Germany, that most of the lightning rises in the west and extends towards the east. Numerous observations have been made on the effects of lightning on trees of different kinds. Experienced foresters tell us that the oak is often struck; but the beech seldom, even in those cases where the trees are intermixed. The Natural History Society of Halle proposes to publish a *hail-chart* of Germany, with the view of showing its extent, position, and magnitude during a series of years. It is also proposed to publish a series of maps representing the direction lightning takes in different parts of the world, particularly in Europe.

Animal Electricity.—Mr. Glover has published the following method of receiving the electrical shock from a cat. Place the left hand under the throat, with the middle finger and the thumb slightly pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder, then gently passing the right hand along the back, sensible electrical shocks will be felt in the left hand.

Human Fossil Remains.—Count Razoumowski has lately found, associated with remains of elephants, skulls and other bones of a race of people, conjectured to be very different from those that now people the globe. They seem to have buried their dead in hillocks, and all the skulls examined had a most remarkably elongated form. Schlottheim, we understand, will publish an account of these remains.

Flint Celt.—A very fine specimen of an ancient flint battle-axe, or Celt, was found

* This account reminds us of Swift's distich:
Thus fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em,
And so go on, ad infinitum.

two months ago near St. Andrew's in Scotland. It was at the bottom of a rather steep bank, and about two feet below the surface of the ground. The stone is of a grey or dove colour, with a few returning veins of a darker and a lighter tint. It is highly polished, and as perfect as if newly made. At its larger end, which is three inches in breadth, it is brought to a sharp edge in a beautiful manner, while its smaller end, nearly two inches broad, is more blunt. The length is one foot, the greatest thickness not quite 1½ inch, and its weight about 11b. 14oz. This was probably the war weapon of some great chief among the Britons, Gauls, or Celts; or it might be the instrument of sacrifice to some mysterious priest in those remote days.

Achmite and Sordacalite.—A new mineral, named *achmite*, has been discovered in the south of Norway by P. Ström. This fossil occurs only crystallized, scratches glass, is of specific gravity 3.24, and melts before the blow-pipe into a black globule. Another new mineral, called *sordacalite*, has also been found in Finland. It resembles the black garnet of Lapland, occurs massive, is greenish or greyish black, as hard as glass, and brittle.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Costume of Sweden, folio, 3l. 3s.—Dunajsky's Travels in the East, vol. 3. 4to. 3l. 15s. 6d.—Dillon's Cassino Library, with Index to Bibliotheca Sordacalite, imperial 8vo. 1l. 1s. large paper 1l. 10s. 6d.—Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica, Part 4. 4to. 3l. 15s. 6d.—Quin's Visit to Spain, 8vo. 12s.—The Manuscript of 1814, written at the command of Napoleon, 8vo. 12s.—James's Naval History of Great Britain, vol. 2. 8vo. 14s.—Historical Illustrations of Queen's Ward, post 8vo. 7s.—Ellen Gray, by M. Mathew, 8vo. 3s.—Sherwood's Lady of the Manor, 12mo. 7s.—Tytler's Life of Sir Thomas Craig, 12mo. 5s.—Pitt's Charge, 1823, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Della's Sermons to the Lord's Prayer, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Irving's Four Orations, 8vo. 12s.—The Christian Armed against Infidelity, by the Author of Body and Soul, 12mo. 5s.—Wellbeloved's Three Letters to Warrington on Unitarianism, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Swan's Inquiry into the Action of Mercury on the Living Body, 8vo. 4s.—Swinton's Considerations on the Questions of Law, 8vo. 4s.—Dumas's Great Lexicon to Homer and Pindar, Part 1, 4to. 10s. 6d.; 8vo. 7s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JUNE.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 26	from 45 to 64	29.54 to 29.54
Friday . . . 27	from 50 to 62	29.54 to 29.27
Saturday . . . 28	from 46 to 64	29.27 to 29.29
Sunday . . . 29	from 48 to 65	29.27 to 29.73
Monday . . . 30	from 46 to 64	29.27 to 29.50
JULY.—Tues. 1	from 51 to 63	29.28 to 29.68
Wednesday . . 2	from 50 to 65	29.28 to 29.45

Prevailing winds SW. and NE. Clouds generally passing. Showers of rain frequently. A storm of thunder and lightning, with heavy rain, on the 27th in the afternoon.

Rain fallen 1 inch and 175 of an inch.

On Tuesday next, the 28th July, the Sun will be eclipsed, visible at Greenwich.

Beginning	5 18 34 a.m.
Greatest obscuration	5 32 4
Conjunction	5 32 53
End of Eclipse	5 46 8
Digits eclipsed, 0° 24' 15" on Sun's northern limb.	

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber is informed that the alteration he suggests would cost us above a hundred pounds a year in stamp duties.

C. K.—is received, and approved too, but not in insertion.

The complaint of the tardy publication of the picture delineation of the Southern parts of England, by Messrs. Cooke, we must leave between them and our Correspondent N. whose charge is so humorously expressed to induce a belief that he will go doggedly to work.

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* A large Room to be let in the Egyptian Hall.

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This Part contains—1. Socrates about to drink the Poison—2. The Death of Socrates—3. Cupid and Psyche—4. Creusa (Plate 2)—5. Democritus (Plate 2). Part VII. published on the 1st of May, may be had, containing, Socrates defending himself before his Judges—2. Socrates sending away his Family before drinking the Poison—3. Creusa—4. Democritus—5. Peace.

This Work will be published Monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s. Imperial 4to. price 6s.; and 30 Copies only will be taken off on India Paper, price 10s. 6d. Each Part will contain five Engravings, with Letter-press Annotations. Specimens of the Engravings in Part IX. may be seen, and Prospectuses of the Work had of the Publisher, Septimus Proctor, 209, Strand, opposite Arundel-street.

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